

HORSES AND HOUNDS



RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

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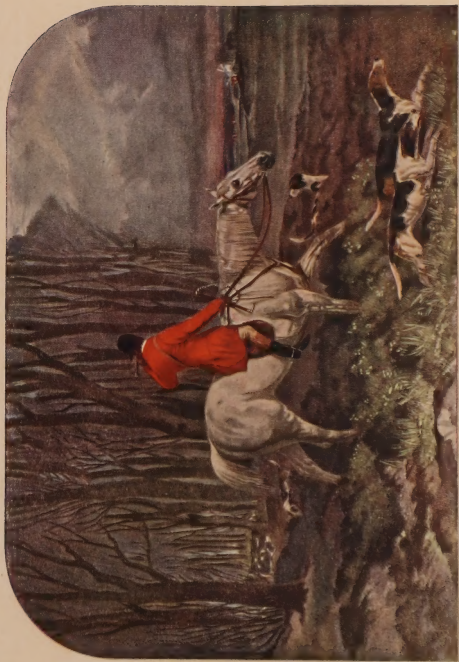
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HORSES AND HOUNDS

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DUTTON'S
NEW YORK
1926



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BY FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

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Hark Foreword!

There are two kinds of bookmakers. The one makes a book when he makes a bet. The other makes a bet when he makes a book. The former is a big bettor, the latter is but a little better. The first kind has been suppressed and most of the second kind deserve like treatment.

HUNTING

"A SOUTHERLY WIND AND A CLOUDY SKY
PROCLAIMS A HUNTING MORNING"

HUNTING

WHEN a child, before I could read, I used to stand on the sofa and gaze with the greatest interest at a hunting-print which hung on the nursery wall, and it was with much pleasure that I first was able to spell out the motto below the picture, "A Southerly Wind and a Cloudy Sky," and wonder what that had to do with it. It was not long before I found out, for I hunted in England as a boy, and passed one winter at Pau in the early days when they hunted a drag and a bagged fox. They would have a hunting-drag of thirty minutes, with a bagman at the end, and we enjoyed many a good day's sport in that way.

In 1875-76 a few of us used to go to Hackensack, N. J., to join old Joe Donohue, who had a few hounds with which he hunted foxes in the woodland. He was

very keen, hunted on foot until the hounds found a fox, and then attempted to follow them in a buggy. He could find a fox more readily than any one I ever hunted with; but the woods were very thick, and it was impossible to ride to hounds.

At that time fox-hunting was impossible near New York, so I proposed to introduce the Pau form of sport. In the spring of 1877, Robert Center, William E. Peet, and Belmont Purdy joined me in forming a committee to purchase a pack of hounds and to hunt them on Long Island. I went to Ireland, and bought the hounds with the kind assistance of Thomas Turbett of Scribblestown, and we established them at Meadow Brook as a subscription pack.

In those days Long Island was a grazing country, mostly grass and strongly fenced with post-and-rail and zigzag fences. There were two toll-gates between Jericho and Jamaica. No garden-truck was grown east of Jamaica. It was an ideal country for drag-hunting, and was chosen for that

reason. The fences would have been too big to jump if the turf had not been sound. The soil is so light that it drains quickly, and it is seldom that the going is not perfect even in the early spring. It is the very worst scenting country in the world for fox-hunting, and carries little scent except on the snow or when the frost is coming out of the ground.

The difficulty was to obtain hunters. There were no horses to be found that could jump, and the fences were big and strong. We bought green horses, and schooled them ourselves. In fact, we began from the beginning in every way, having much enthusiasm and little money. We personally did everything, even to cleaning our own boots and breeches, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves.

It was not long before we had a considerable following and large fields. At the end of the first season Messrs. Purdy and Peet retired from the committee, and Eliot Zborowski, C. G. Peters, and J. O.

Green were elected. We all lived at the Meadow Brook farmhouse.¹ I hunted the hounds, and Robert Center and Eliot Zborowski were the whips during the first three seasons; after that I had professionals as whips. I hunted the Queens County Hounds, as the hunt was named, from 1877 to 1893, and the Meadow Brook Hounds, which were established in 1881, from 1893 to the end of the spring season of 1895. I also hunted the Orange County Hounds during their first season.

Drag-hunting, as I understand it, and as I practised it, is a science. I always drew a covert, and hounds were taught to hunt, and the drag was laid to represent as nearly as possible the run of a fox. The drag was lifted from time to time and the hounds allowed to puzzle out and pick up the scent again, thus giving the field a chance to see hounds work and to enjoy the sport. At the end of forty or fifty minutes we had a bagman; and as the

¹ Now the Meadow Brook Club.

foxes were generally strong ones from the mountains, they often gave us good sport. Those that escaped were the founders of the fox family we hunt in Nassau County today. I always hunted fifteen couple of hounds, and as I never walked the line myself, but simply gave the drag-man orders to go in a certain direction and to keep on the grass as much as possible, it was at times a difficult matter to find him, for he would have to lift his drag on account of crops or for other reasons.

As drag-hunting is carried on today, there is really no reason for the three or four couples of hounds that race to the check, and then lie down until laid on again. A man in a pink coat could lead the field just as well without any hounds. As it is, you have a good ride; but it is not drag-hunting. I admit it is much easier for the master and the so-called huntsman; but a man must be young, in good condition, and a light weight to ride such a drag, and he must be mounted on a thoroughbred.

Thomas Gibbons ran the drag for me for thirteen years, and was the best drag-man I ever knew. He could travel fast across a country, thought quickly in an emergency, and was always on good terms with the farmers. An intelligent drag-man, and one that you can rely on, is absolutely necessary. If the drag-man had started, I never failed to hunt, no matter how bad the weather might be; for if you disappoint a drag-man once, he is likely to become too good a judge of the weather and to interfere with sport.

I was the pioneer on Long Island, in Westchester County, where we hunted in 1880 and 1881, and at Newport, where we were five seasons, and I never had any trouble with the farmers. With a drag you can avoid those who object, and they were few in number. I found that if damages were promptly paid and broken fences mended, the American farmer, notwithstanding that he owns his land, seldom objects to hunting. The Quakers on Long



MEET OF THE QUEENS COUNTY HOUNDS AT CASTLE INN
NEW ROCHELLE

Colonel De Lancy A. Kane and the road coach "Tally Ho," 1880

Island at first thought it an ungodly sport; but as every Quaker loves a horse, they could not resist the pleasure of seeing us jump fences, and often would beg us to cross their farms.

In midwinter I used to hunt foxes with the full pack of hounds. I found that hunting a drag did not interfere with their ability to hunt foxes. I hunted the woodlands surrounding Lake Ronkonkoma for several seasons, and later on the home country. We used to have great sport hunting on the snow in a wild country where there were few fences, the pack being handy and under perfect control. An old fox, known as Gray Beard, lived for years in the Guinea woods just north of my house and for several winters I often hunted him on the snow. The hounds learned to know just where to find him on the sunny side of the covert. He would usually run over the same route, and go to ground when he had had enough. Another cunning fox lived on Rockaway Beach for several win-

ters. He had an earth in the bushes high up on the beach, and lived on the fish and shell-fish that were washed ashore. There was absolutely no scent on the sandy beach except after a fall of snow. At such times I used to hunt him up and down the beach, and as we never disturbed his earth, he always had a refuge. When pressed, he would run along the beach, following the waves as they rose and fell, and baffle the hounds. In this manner he often saved his brush in full view of the field. At other times he would escape by running out on the thin ice, where the pack could not follow him.

I bought a wonderful hunter in Canada the first season, a gray horse called Hailstone. He was up to any weight, as light on his feet as a pony, could jump any fence from a trot, and could beat most thoroughbreds for half a mile on the flat. He showed the field what a horse could do and encouraged many who were badly mounted. He never made a mistake, and was, I



HAILSTONE BY THUNDER

believe, the greatest timber-jumping horse I have ever known, for even to this day I have never seen his equal.

Hailstone was the most intelligent horse I ever saw and he gave me many a riding lesson. When hunting foxes in the woods, or when digging them out, I could leave him standing with the reins on his neck and he would not move until I went after him, or he would come to my call and follow me like a dog.

In 1879 we proposed taking the hounds to Westchester County for two years and I decided to sell the gray, as I had discovered at Newport that he was not as clever over big stone walls as in a timber country. I sold him for \$1500 which was a good price for a hunter in those days.

Soon after selling the horse a friend of mine, who was the son of the President of the Western Union Telegraph Co., asked me if I had any money to invest, for he knew of a "gold mine." He said that in the days when his father was in business in

Kentucky, he had made the acquaintance of a clever young man named Thomas A. Edison who had been in trouble in the office for having upset an ink-bottle. This young man had lately come to him for aid in order to form a company to develop an invention of his, a new manner of lighting by electricity. My friend and his father were officers in the new company and each had subscribed for more stock than he cared to hold and therefore would be willing to sell a little of it at par.

It was decided that I should see the invention before I invested my money, so we journeyed to Menlo Park the following day. Edison's workshop at that time, 1879, was a one-story shedlike building, and we found he had been in the workroom all night superintending a new method of making the electric bulbs air tight. That, and the frail films caused trouble then, the latter being made at that time of carbonized cardboard and very fragile. Mr. Edison showed us the light and told us of its great future.

When I asked him how he proposed to wire the houses for the new light, he said: "Possibly through the gas pipes which are in every house." He then demonstrated how this would be done by producing a long gas pipe and a small six-legged steel electric "bug" attached to a wire. When the electric current was turned on the "bug" scratched its way through the pipe pulling the wire after it. He said: "The trouble is, I cannot control the little cuss, for on reaching a crosspipe he might turn to the right when I wanted him to go to the left, but that I will puzzle out when I have time."

He also showed us a wooden box with a crank handle. When he turned the handle the box played "God save the Queen." This he said was a toy. In fact it was the first phonograph.

I was delighted with the light and bought 15 shares of the parent Edison Co. for \$1500. Later on I sold most of these shares at \$5,000 a share, the proceeds being my

financial start in life. The stock which I retained is worth a tidy sum and pays a nice income. That gray horse was a good friend to me.

The other horses that carried me best during the twenty years that I hunted hounds were Sir Charles, Orion, Hempstead, The Irishman, Leo, and Countess.

Sir Charles was a horse of another color. I bought him at Bull's Head, the horse market of those days, which was named after the colonial inn, The Bull's Head, and which stood on the northwest corner of 24th Street and Third Avenue. East 24th Street was lined with stables and hundreds of horses arrived there every Monday morning.

Old George W. Bishop was the fashionable horse broker at the time. He would look the horses over when they arrived and notify his clients if he saw anything that filled his eye. He came to my office one morning and said: "I have found the dog-gorndest, finest, musclest horse you

ever see!" He also informed me he had watched the horse kick two buggies into splinters.

I found the horse a well bred chestnut, 15.3, full of ginger and with grand action. I bought him for \$150, which was the price for goodlookers that were not harness-wise. I taught him to jump and hunted hounds on him in the first hunt on Long Island. He gave me two falls that day, but I cannot remember that he ever fell again until his final accident. He was the bravest, boldest horse I ever rode but was difficult to ride for he had to be collected at every fence, but when I finally found a bit that suited him he became a most brilliant fencer; nothing could stop him.

He carried me for several seasons and finally broke his back jumping an Indian fence. These fences existed on the south side of Long Island at that time and were constructed by partly severing the trunks of a row of cedar trees so that they all leaned in the one direction. The upright

branches were then chopped off, leaving a wide hedge-like fence. In jumping a very high fence of this character my horse caught a hind leg in a stout cedar branch and broke his back while in the air. We had a terrible fall which nearly ended my hunting career.

Orion was a beautiful chestnut thoroughbred, 16.3, by Glenelg out of Lark by Lexington. He won a race as a two-year-old in the Lorillard colors and was given to the owner's son, who raced him, schooled him, and sold him to Eliot Zborowski, a great horseman, who perfected his education. When my friend Zborowski went to Ireland to hunt he gave the horse to me. He carried me for eight seasons with only one fall that I can remember, and finished his career by breaking his leg in the hunting field.

He was the longest necked horse I ever saw. Eight inches had to be added to his reins; no ready-made bridle ever had reins long enough for him. His mouth was perfect, also his manners, and he was a

grand jumper over any country. He won the Moonlight Steeplechase at Newport in 1879, ridden by Mr. Zborowski.

I won the first Champion Hunters' prize with Orion at the New York Horse Show. It was not the present day merry-go-round then, for we had five formidable fences to jump, one of which was a narrow in-and-out, and, in the Championship, a final 5 foot 6 inch fence in the middle of the ring as well. These fences were heavy round planed bars. No horse ever saw such a fence in the field. After winning the ribbon the judges asked me to ride over the course again. I then, without thinking, did a very foolish thing. After jumping the final 5 foot 6 fence, I turned Orion around and jumped the fence again the reverse way, forgetting that the bars were on pins towards me. If the horse had hit the fence we would have had a nasty fall, but he jumped it like a deer. He was a great horse.

Hempstead was a great fencer and steady,

jumping like clockwork and never making a mistake, but he was a strange horse to look at. He carried me for years and I won many jumping prizes on him, one being the Championship at New York.

The Irishman was an imported horse, as his name implies. I hunted hounds on him for eight seasons and he never fell. He was a bold jumper and could hop over any timber fence from a walk.

Leo and Countess were Show horses that belonged to Mr. Frederick Gebhard. I rode them in the Show winning two Champion Prizes on Countess. After winning the high jump one year Leo took the bit in his teeth and bolted, clearing not only the boundary fence out of the ring, but also the railbirds who were watching the performance, and landed safely in the promenade. These two horses were in my stable for two years and I had many a good ride on them. Leo was a headstrong, difficult horse to ride and had to be handled with a very light hand. We became great



MR. FREDERICK GEBHARD'S HUNTER LEO



HEMPSTEAD

friends and I hunted hounds on him for two seasons with great satisfaction, for there was no fence in the country that he could not jump in his stride.

There were more of my hunters that were good: Shandygaff, Leap Year, Loch-invar and others, but they were not as brilliant as those I have described.

It was no child's play hunting hounds in Queens County for more than nineteen years, as the fences in those day were very big and strong, and there were many of them. I had many falls, but not nearly so many as most followers of the hunt, owing, I think, to the fact that I always rode horses well over my weight, which I could do, as I rode at 154 pounds. A horse barely up to one's weight can jump a few flights of rails, but he cannot go on jumping big fences unless he has power in reserve; the exertion is too great.

During my mastership the two most amusing hunt servants we had were Joe Townley and Charlie Sait. The former,

an Irishman past middle age, was a wonderful man with horses. He had a comforting way of encouraging any lad who seemed nervous when schooling horses over strong timber, saying to him: "Go on, boy! go on! What are you afraid of? Do you want to live forever?" Charles Sait came to the hunt from Canada as whip. He arrived with the reputation of being the only man in Canada who could ride Jack the Barber, a specially vicious steeple chaser of renown. He certainly could ride and ride well, but his love for whiskey was his undoing. He had a ready tongue and used it to great advantage. At one time he had charge of the training of a horse of mine for a hunt race, and both disappeared for two days. On the evening of the second day, as we were sitting after dinner with the remains of the feast still on the table, one of the grooms came in to inform me that Sait had returned on foot without the horse. I sent for him to find out what had become of his charge. I read him the riot act,

and told him that a man in my employ who drank had to be sober enough to go to work the next day or leave. He politely touched his forehead, looked well at the empty bottles on the table, and said, much to the delight of the assembled sportsmen, "It is not as I drinks more than you does, sir, but I carries it less well." There was nothing more to say.

Peter Smith, Pat Horey, Stonebridge, and Joe Murphy were all good men to ride. It takes a man with a stout heart to whip hounds in such a country, for after jumping a strong flight of rails it is not always pleasant to be sent back again after a stray hound or two. The last time I saw Murphy he was in the employ of our ambassador in Paris, and he informed me that he was very homesick. He insisted that more went on in Westbury, Long Island, in a day than happened in Paris in a week!

THE QUEENS COUNTY, NEW YORK

THE QUEENS COUNTY, NEW YORK

From "The Field," October 22, 1892, by Captain
E. Pennell-Elmhirst ("Brooksby").

A RIDE WITH HOUNDS UPON LONG ISLAND

I DELIGHT in a new scene, and welcome heartily a new experience. Of a truth I found them both on Friday, October 7 — the eve of my sailing for the hunting grounds of the Old Country. Hear me out, and believe me, gentlemen of England and of Ireland who may read these notes. You will shake your heads, I warn you; and you will scatter many a needless grain of salt upon my story — as is your manner of dealing with travelers' tales from across the Atlantic. Take my plain record and impressions as you may — here they are, as set down shortly after the day's occurrence.

Know, then, that in immediate proximity to the city of New York is the flat,

narrow strip of land known as Long Island, stretching some hundred and fifty miles or so eastward. The greater part of its interior is farming land and grassy plain — the former divided everywhere into fields of ten to twenty acres, or thereabouts, by means of strong timber-fences; the latter dotted here and there with villas, or boxes (as we might term them in the Old Country), belonging to the opulent citizens of New York, who thus in their leisure hours attain country air and some country pursuits. For, as you may or may not know, almost every man in America is in business; every man continues to make money if he can; few of them — in contrast to the custom so freely in vogue on our side of the water — being wholly employed in spending it. Perhaps it is due to this fact that so many among the upper class of Americans are to all appearance as lavish in their personal expenditure as they are certainly generous, almost unbounded, in their hospitality.



MISS MONEY, F. G. GRISWOLD, AND P. F. COLLIER
IN ORANGE COUNTY, N. Y.

Let that be as it may, a strong taste for country life has of late years set in — especially on the part of the younger generation, whose leaning is towards the development of active, outdoor sport. Consequently, many picturesque residences have been erected in the district aforesaid, clubs have been formed for hunting and polo, and no less than three smartly equipped packs of foxhounds take the field upon Long Island, as soon as the crops are cut and the heat of summer has given place to the pleasant coolness of autumn. These three are known respectively as The Rock-away, The Meadow Brook, and The Queens County or Mr. Griswold's — the hounds of the last-named kennel having been almost entirely imported, or bred from stock imported, by that gentleman.

Saturday being essentially the recognized day on which the hunting men of New York take the field, and Saturday at early morning being the time of departure for the outgoing steamer, I feared that once

again no chance remained of my joining in a gallop across the timber-fenced plains of Long Island — occasion that I had for many a day coveted, and for which I had received many a kindly invitation. But at Chicago a telegram hurried me on — “Griswold will give you a run on Friday morning.” The mount, I knew, was certain to be capable and trusty; and forward I traveled delightedly, to reach Long Island overnight.

Ten-thirty at Westbury Forge was the arrangement; and thither we drove in the cool morning sunlight — a team (*i.e.*, a pair, in transatlantic rendering) of lusty trotters making the dust fly handsomely. None of the country roads of America are macadamized, or in any way built or hardened — a fact that I mention now as having an important bearing not only on the aspect of the day’s proceedings, but upon the feasibility of crossing the enclosed country at all. Let me not be misunderstood. Roads are in Long Island of little

or no use in the light in which we, the great body of English foxhunters, are accustomed to regard them, viz., as safe channels for facilitating progress in pursuit of hounds. There they come rather as intercepting barriers, crossing the line of route every half mile or mile at least. They run at right angles one to another and at short distances, as possible streets and highways of the future. They may occur only as section boundaries (a section being sixteen hundred acres, if my memory serves me), or they may come thickly as the dream of a someday populous town. Such at least is my impression; and from today's experience I can aver that they have to be jumped into and jumped out of; also that, though their inner surface is sound and reasonably soft, their aspect to the stranger is as uninviting as it is frequent and exacting.

Our route to the meet ran alongside the Hempstead plain, on whose broad bosom (as enticing for a gallop almost as Newmarket Heath) the Meadow Brook Club

have planted their house, kennels, and polo ground. On our right lay farmland of the usual Long Island type — fields of somewhat rugged grass, now browned and scorched by the outgoing heat-season, and stubble and dust garden remaining from lately gathered harvest. The whole is upon a sandy, light loamy soil that never bakes hard, and so never rebels obstinately against a horse's footfall. Thus concussion is minimized; and horses can go jumping freely year after year. On the other hand, it is never very deep or spongy with wet — the descending rain finding its way rapidly to the water level, some six feet only below the surface.

“Surely you don't ride at a flight of rails like that?” I inquired, pointing to a first barricade that met my troubled gaze — to wit, a morticed erection of oaken bars, each of them as thick as a man's thigh and the lot carried considerably higher than an ordinary Leicestershire gate. “Why, yes! That's nothing much. The farmers

aim at setting their fences at four feet eight, to keep their stock in." I asked no more; but held my peace while the horrid parallel intruded itself upon my mind, of the condemned man in the prison cart catching a first view of the gallows awaiting him. But I gazed and gazed, as each successive bone trap hove in view; and, you may depend upon it, the longer I looked the less I liked them. And I wondered who would ride the horses at home in Old England.¹

But at the rendezvous were those we were now to ride. For me a tried and proven hunter — a brown gelding, Shipmate by name, up to fully fourteen stone, and with shoulders good enough to allay at least some of the qualms engendered during my recent drive. For my host, Mr. Roby (I shall make no apology for decorating my little tale with the names that

¹ "It is all very well for a man to boast that, in all his life, he has never been frightened, and believes that he never could be so. There may be men of that nature — I will not dare to deny it; only I have never know them." — LORNA DOONE.

belong to it, and that may mark it with its due imprint of veracity) — for him was a neat but powerful thoroughbred, of lesser height, and more often the mount of his sister; though how Miss Roby (even on Brunette) or how any lady is to be carried in safety day by day over this ghastly country will, I take leave to remark, be a subject of wonderment to me for many a day.

Scarcely had we mounted, than up rode Mr. Frank Griswold with a most useful-looking pack of about seventeen couple, with his young Irish whipper-in, and with the small field of a by-day that had been so hastily and kindly improvised. Faultless is a word that would do scant justice to the equipment of master and man. It was as workmanlike as it was fashionable; complete in every attribute; and did my eyes good, at three thousand miles from home. Of the others, Mr. Collier alone (to whom yet another pack of foxhounds is on its way from the Old Country) was

in pink; and he bestrode a grand gray horse known as Majestic, fully equal to the fourteen-stone task imposed upon him. By the way, it seems to me, as far as casual opportunity allowed me to form impressions before quitting the sporting sphere of Long Island, that here the little hunting world learn to know most horses by name and history as systematically as the thrust-ers of Meath tabulate their more important fences, till they become, as it were, household words.

Perhaps no two names are more familiar to the hunting and horse-loving community of New York than those of the two bays which Mr. Griswold and his man bestrode. And they serve as admirably to illustrate my subject as they did subsequently to show me how such country could be crossed. The Master, then, was upon Hempstead — of whom I soon became fairly entitled to assert that if “a rum ’un to look at, he was a devil to go.” A more ornate, or even less inelegant, description

would be inapplicable to Hempstead. He has, appropriately, a large knowledge-box, and inappropriately a wasp-like waist. Like Mercury he carries his wings on his heels; and very good use he makes of them — though they make it impossible for him to conceal that he is what is termed in America a “cold-blooded horse.” Hempstead’s credentials, however, include the fact that he has jumped not less than six feet three inches over the timber at the New York Annual Horse Show. Add to this that he is fifteen years old, that he has for a full proportion of this time been going to hounds upon Long Island, that his legs are clean as they were when he was five — and you will allow that Hempstead has a reasonable right to assume the character of a great hunter and wonderful conveyance.

The Clipper, carrying the whip, is also no small marvel. He is the oldest horse now taking part in the chase upon Long Island — his age being only so far known that in 1883 he cleared six feet at the New

York Show. The high jumping competition was only then in its infancy. Two years ago the record rose to seven feet two inches. Since then the contest has been discontinued — the sole cause being the danger involved, in the fact that the bar was nearly solidly fixed, being held in its place by ropes in the hands of three or four stalwart Irishmen. The competition used to take place by electric light, the horses rose off tan, laid upon sand or earth, and some ten thousand people would assemble to witness the struggle. The horses themselves of their own keen accord would gallop hard at the jump; and, so far from getting under it and lobbing over, as a stone-wall jumper more often does, would fling themselves from afar and take it in their stride. It is this faculty of “standing off” at his jump that makes the flying of a high post and rails on the part of an accomplished hunter so thrilling and pleasurable a sensation, as I was yet to learn. Clipper, it remains to be added, is a blood-

like bay, about 15.3 hands in height; and his legs, beyond bearing one trifling callous enlargement obtained in early youth, show no sign whatever of the almost incessant galloping and jumping he has been called upon to perform.

No time was lost at the meet; but hounds were trotted on at once northward, till they reached a small roadside covert known, I believe, as Old Westbury Wood. Here everything was ready for them, and they darted into the wood in full clamor. For a moment it struck me that the sudden break must be riot — till I remembered that of course *Fox et præterea nihil* was, by force of circumstances, barred from being the motto of Long Island and its vinery (and if I may be forgiven that the old jest rises up unawares). No, they make no secret of it. “As much fox as possible” is their creed. But *hunting* anyhow, and “a run” in any case. Thus direction is controlled, damages are lessened, a ride is insured — and, as I take it,

today, a sample of country is exhibited according to requirement. Safe and intact upon board ship, it is surely allowed me to lighten a weary hour with the strange and merry memory.

Adown the thicket, then, hounds threw their tongues heartily, while I drew my old timekeeper from its fob and wondered what might come next. The fire of chase was kindled, and the glow of expectation and excitement fairly lit within us. Now the pack had overshot the line, and the master drew them gently back along the outer edge of the wood — towards which the balance of possibilities pointed as direction. Yoi-over! and they were away — huntsman and whip leaping forth from the leafy branches, as through a paper hoop, in order to gain the stubble field in their wake. I believe it was an old snake fence that they jumped; but I was far too eager to push my face through the overhanging branches to do more than give Shipmate the office to follow, and sit tight

as he rose. *Forrard* they stream! Now, if there is one sight upon earth that has power to lift me several heavens above it, to bid heart and spirit spring forward as if with no dragging clay attached, to thrust out of thought all else in the world (aye, even groveling fear), it is a pack of hounds flying to a head — while a good horse indorses their glad appeal. Is it not so with you? If not, then cast me aside, for this brief story is only of myself, who imagine that you would have felt and thought as I did. In my place you would have followed almost automatically over the sturdy post-and-rail beyond the wood, well content, then, to have got beyond them, and right thankful that your host's good mount apparently deserved his reputation — wondering also, possibly, as you glanced forward, what proportion, or if even a substratum, of truth had lain in the comforting words of the Master as he rode from the meet. "Very big and gaunt these fences look!" we had remarked;

adding, with a jauntiness we were far from feeling, "But they say the horses here jump them well enough." "Oh, you'll find some rails down, or a gap, in almost every one," he had answered. And we had believed him, as the artless miner believed the Heathen Chineese.

See! What is he doing now? Where are the rails down, and where is the gap? Six foot of timber, surely — and he is within three strides — both ears cocked and both spurs in! Nay, I will lower six inches — but never another inch, an' I have to prove it at pistol point. Well, it was death or degradation now — and no time to balance the account. So I gave the old horse a strong pull, gripped him tight between my nervous knees, chose my panel some three lengths from my instigator, and sat still for the result. Rugged and awful loomed the ponderous top-rail, on a level with my horse's ears — one of which (ill omen) was twinkling towards the exemplar on our right. A moment more,

and we seemed right under the frowning barricade — then a hoist, a bang, a prolonged quiver, but no fall, though a yard of turf was ploughed up, and the demonstrator turned quietly in his saddle for a smile and a word of encouragement.

They have a habit, it seems, with the Hunt in question — and a habit not altogether unwarranted, of leaving to the Master, in his capacity as huntsman, the responsibility of showing the way to his field. As here, as elsewhere, his is the duty and business of obtaining room for his hounds, and as here he is likely to know as much about the probable line as any one, the etiquette is justifiable from every point of view. At the same time it is a high trial to put upon him who plays second, or third, or minor fiddle that he has to play exactly the same tune as the professor whose first fiddle is an instrument of exceptional merit. Were it my fortune to become a habitual member of this gallant orchestra, fain would I bargain

that the leader should occasionally, if not usually, wield his powerful bow upon a fiddle of less exemplary tone. As it is, however, whither he leads the others invariably follow, resining their bows manfully, and picking themselves up undauntedly when for the moment knocked out of time or tune. And horse as well as man adapt themselves to the custom, and so almost involuntarily attach themselves to his lead.

Meanwhile old Stradavari — I mean Hempstead — had swung quickly to the right in the track of hounds, and cantered easily over another such hair-raiser as the post and rails preceding. Shipmate this time was well in his wake; and, feeling himself now duly authorized, bounded over with a rollicking spring that seemed never-ending for height and distance. Indeed, from this moment he never laid iron to wood, nor trifled with a stick. "Stick" did I say? Our newest ox rails in the Shires are sticks by comparison: these

were, every one of them, half as thick through as a railway sleeper.

But even yet, though gathering confidence with each swish into the air, and grateful courage with each quiet return to terra firma, I had by no means brought myself to believe in immunity in store. The next question asked was in the form of the snake or zigzag, the old-time fence of the country, built at a period when men merely piled up split rails in twelve feet lengths and to a sufficient height (four feet and upwards) — keeping them together as we can zigzag cards on their edges across a table, and supporting them at the angles with two or three other split rails stuck upwards. At this description of fence you have to ride either sideways, or by turning in the last few strides as you ride. And, stalwart as they are, the snake fences are neither so lofty as the champions among their morticed brethren, nor — being more closely built and so in a measure resembling a wall — are they so

deterrent, to the eye of one whose collar-bones have already been knotted and spliced amid the rail-guarded pastures of Leicestershire.

Now the chase was following a lane. "This is as it should be," thought I, as I thundered down the hard-beaten cattle track after my cicerone. "Wonder if they have any gates in these parts?" The answer came soon, with the end of the "lane" (as I had deemed it for a short hundred yards). Two rails alone blocked the outlet — at a height no whit below the average of the obstacles just reasoned with. Hempstead was already being quietly squeezed — as the moment demanded or measurement suggested — and in a few seconds more the pink back was gliding onward, with the black rail outlined as it were a belt against his waist. (I remember Custance on *The Doctor* served me just such a trick — ah, how many years ago! — in a lane beyond Lowesby: only that it was not quite so much so,

except that the ground was just as hard. And yet now nobody stopped, and nobody, as far as I know, was down. We should one and all have done the former, had the scene been laid in the Merry Midlands. Then some good man would have jumped off to pull it down — and then, like enough, many of us would have ridden through without thanking him, or even catching his horse?

But I shall weary you. For so engrossed was I with my own task, my own difficulties, wonderments, and, I may add, keen enjoyment, that with one eye given to the pack, and the other divided between the artistic back in front of me and the next-coming complication in front of him, I had no leisure to note much of what others might be doing. Now and then Mr. Roby on Brunette would land over a fence beside me, or glance lightly over the next one ahead — the little mare bounding into space like a springbok — or Mr. Cottenet (hunterman of The Meadow Brook)

would race by upon a gray thoroughbred, said to be almost new to the game now being played. A natural faculty, truly — and superadded to a liberal development thereof at home — should a horse possess before essaying the unbreakable country in question. Many a green young one have I pushed over — or through — the varied hinderments of our green Midlands; and derived great fun and sport from the process. But nothing short of a pension should induce me to ride a novice upon Long Island. My one visit has enabled me to realize that a horse of great jumping power, complete education, and unswerving courage may be a very safe conveyance, and may treat you, moreover, to a sensation as delightful as it is novel. But five-foot timber that is no more likely to break than the mainmast of this good ship — my present mount over a yet rougher country — is about the last form of exercise I should set for the schooling of the youngster, with any hope of his carrying himself

and me through — *i.e.*, to the end of a run. What say you? And what say you if those five-foot rails be into a road, with a drop of a couple of feet on landing? And how would you expect a young one to recover himself in time to go out again, by doubling over a trench by the road side, and striking off a weed-grown bank to clear timber of nearly equal height beyond — and the whole width of the road being little more than three horses' lengths? He didn't! But it was the gray's only mistake — beyond rapping his legs raw in half a dozen places.

All this had taken place in about a quarter of an hour — during which we had been galloping steadily, and jumping, it seemed to me, incessantly. "Titus' fences," I am told, is the Hunt designation of the district — or rather of Mr. Titus' system of subdivision. Whether Titus be emperor, farmer, republican, or democrat, I had no opportunity of inquiring; but his style of fence-making is, I make bold to

assert, nothing less than imperial — and I commend it, with all respect, to every agriculturist who, while entertaining a proper hatred of wire, is yet averse to having his fences knocked down. I warrant you that friend Titus seldom, if ever, finds a panel broken.

By this time I had assumed sufficient confidence to consider myself justified in once more attempting a line of my own, rather than continue to follow blindly in the footsteps of a guide, however talented and trustworthy. Accordingly, as the pack hit the line after a brief check, I cut myself loose as it were from my leading strings, and set forth to walk alone: that is to say, I left the Master riding on the left of his pack while I strode forth on the right — riding “wide of hounds” as His Lordship might forcibly recommend, that thus on hounds swinging to fault one may be pretty sure to find oneself among some of them and be —. I soon discovered, however, that to an arrangement

of this kind there must be two consenting parties. No sooner had I topped the boundary of the next ten-acre pasture, than I found myself confronted by another roadway, with hounds just diving through the fence beyond. This land, too, was flanked by the same uncompromising timber, and this land also held out a drop to the coming "lepper." However, we had managed such before: so I hardened my heart, and imagined myself already half over. Not so old Shipmate. He had no idea of being fooled thus by an ignorant Britisher. "No, Sir!" he said plainer than words, "I guess the Master's lead is good enough for me"; and therewith he stuck his head against one of the middle bars, and pulled up dead short. I turned him still further from hounds; and sent him with both spurs in his ribs, full tilt at the barrier at right angles to us. More determinedly than ever he stopped in the last stride. The situation became appalling. Here was I, as completely penned as a steer in a

stockyard. Desperately I twisted him round; and, setting his head for the fourth side of the great corral, brought arms and legs and tongue to assist in a final despairing charge. Whether it was the strange sting of the last-named implement — sharpened on many a foreign whetstone — or whether, as is more likely, the present course exactly chimed in with his own preconceived ideas, I cannot say. But, hesitating no longer, the old horse flicked out of the enclosure like a brick, wheeled to the rein immediately, and was in and out of the road ere you could have clapped your hands. Two fields further the pack were at momentary fault; and henceforth Shipmate behaved as faultlessly as a girl at her chaperon's elbow.

The sun was now blazing warmly; the dust lay hot and thick where till recently had been heavy cornfields. Thus pace slackened as we passed the woodlands to the northward of Westbury, and adjacent to the sea (the name of those woodlands I

failed to catch: but they are “full of foxes,” quoth the Master, “though the foxes are difficult to drive into the open”). The heat was beginning still further to tell its tale as hounds hunted by Hone’s Wood, and by the Queens County Kennels at East Williston — our fox mercifully choosing an easier line, wherein many a bar was prone and gaps were to be found at last.

So, nearly to Mineola town or village, within sight of which, and by the side of some standing corn, hounds caught a view, dashed into their fox, and tore him up so quickly that barely a head was left to be given to the stranger. Forty-five minutes the run, from start to finish — a jolly ride, and a stirring experience such as for novelty and for brisk sensation I commend to whoever shall have found Leicestershire slow, Meath pedantic, or the Badminton short of foxes and sport. For my part, if the yawning ditches of Meath frightened me last October, the frowning timber of Long

Island has this month scared me considerably more. A few more such autumn episodes, and I shall have no nerve remaining even for gentle Northamptonshire. The naked wire of Australia would seem to be the only terror left to sample — and that I am certainly content to leave untried. By the way, were these Mr. Gordon Bennett's schooling grounds, before he took the field in the Melton district? If so, I no longer marvel at the temerity that led him to overestimate Riga's capacity, at a rasping gate below Ranksboro' Gorse — with consequences, however, less awful than at first appeared.

Mr. P. F. Collier and Mr. C. Carroll, in spite of an unlucky turn at starting, were both on the scene of the kill as soon as others; while Miss Roby and Miss Carey, with intuitive knowledge of locality, had contrived to bring their vehicles alongside the chase for the final half-mile.

Mr. Frank Griswold's handling of hounds is, I may be permitted to say, both quiet

and masterly. As to his riding to them, I will merely remark that if any man could be found in England or Ireland capable of sailing more smoothly, determinedly, and gracefully over the tremendous timber fences of the day in question I would gladly travel from far to see him do it.

A RIDE WITH THE
MEADOW BROOK HOUNDS,
LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

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From "The Field," October 13, 1894, by Captain E.
Pennell-Elmhirst ("Brooksby").

I AM a strong believer in an occasional nerve-test. Perhaps — and certainly nowadays — I would scarcely follow the principle so far as did an intimate friend of mine, who offered himself to be carried by Blondin across the rope stretched from Canterbury Cathedral, and was intensely mortified to find himself anticipated (by the late Capt. Pritchard Rayner, if I remember right). Another earnest advocate of the theory was a brother officer who, in the flogging days of the Army, in all honesty avowed himself anxious to try the tripod "to see whether he could

really stand the punishment.” Needless to say, he never acquired the opportunity. But he was sincere; and his aspiration, however grotesque, was but the expression of a principle sufficiently founded.

As a nerve tonic, to be taken like other tonics (local instance in point, the cocktail) just prior to the meal — *i.e.*, to the regular hunting season — I may safely commend a ride over the timber fences of Long Island, New York. I will answer for it that the dose will be found refreshing, stimulating, and appetizing. For my part, I had tried it once before; and had then swallowed at a gulp what I now accepted on a willing palate. One’s first oyster was startling: one’s second was swallowed with more or less gusto. Whether a complete course would ensure full relish must, I fancy, depend in a great measure on the organization, mental and physical, of the subject under treatment.

I have before described Long Island, its fences and its mode of hunting. This was



THE MEADOW BROOKS HOUNDS, 1893
F. G. Gristwold on the Irishman

two years ago. It is now only necessary for me to repeat that the surface of the country is tolerably flat, the soil for the most part sandy and diligently cultivated, that for fences the farmers use only post and rails of *four foot and upwards* and of uncompromising strength, and that for foxes the Hunt management very properly prefer the man-with-a-bag to a short-running bagman from the neighboring woods. Thus it is at all times open to the director of affairs to meet the requirements of occasion. It may happen it is the first day of the season; it may happen that a certain number of ladies wish to join in the sport; it may chance that an inquiring visitor from the Old Country is desirous of seeing how it is all done; and it may even turn out that the last named has come as "a chiel among them taking notes." A fair sample of sport and country must at all events be dealt out to *him*. And here it is, as he now read it — so far as an elegant mite of horseflesh and his own

little meed of capacity allowed him to translate.

“The opening meet will be at the Meadow Brook Club, and the run will be the best of the season,” wrote my friendly host, to welcome me eastward from the mountains, and to tempt me to a renewal of an experience that had thrilled me no little in the autumn of 1892 — an experience I am never tired of retailing to my trusting comrades of the Shires, and that now, in all modification of script and adjective, I am about briefly to repeat. (By the way, I have a parenthesis. It may be remembered by the incredulous that I then wrote of more than one five-foot timber-fence occurring in that run of 1892. Only two months ago I chanced to be again in Long Island for a day on my way west. Driving from Mineola I came across one of those very fences, jumped out, and stood alongside of it. It was *full* five feet and with a drop into the road — the road, it is true, not macad-

amized.) And now I will tell you how the horses upon Long Island are taught to negotiate with ease and certainty these unbending obstacles. Almost every man who has a hunting box or stables on the Island makes a point of fixing up a circular school, round which each horse in turn is practised without rein or encumbrance. Heavy log-timbers form the two jumps, and are raised or lowered by weight or pulley. No horse is considered fitted to begin with hounds till he can go readily round — taking each jump at five feet. Thus taught, and with the ground invariably sound — on the grass hard as an Indian maidan, no wonder they seldom make a mistake — and that thus riding-to-hounds is a practicable, if not a very widely popular, pastime upon Long Island.

I had seen this exercise enacted a day or two previous in the schools of Mr. T. Hitchcock and of the club — in both of which a three-year-old had easily jumped the required height. And in both of these

stables, as well as in those of Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Ellis, I had been privileged to look over various made hunters, whose performance is beyond question and whose appearance was alone a most sufficient guarantee of the necessary power. Verily, a bad horse would readily break your neck upon Long Island; so, needless to say, he is unsought for, whatever his price. Mr. Hitchcock's neat horses are altogether of the long, low, and thoroughbred type: Mr. Winthrop's, on the contrary, are tall and upstanding; so is at least one of Mr. Ellis', while Lofty, a bay on which Mr. Herbert was today mounted, is taller than all — being over seventeen hands. The other three gentlemen above named were all, at the last moment, prevented from joining the chase of Monday.

The summer of 1894 happens to have been unusually devoid of rain; and the surface of the island became consequently almost as dry as a dead camp-fire. The summer itself seemed hardly to have passed

away, as under the lowering sun we rode to the trysting place this Monday afternoon, Oct. 1. No further law is permitted to late comers upon Long Island than has already been allowed to the man with the bag. Of these registered minutes they are at liberty to avail themselves for conversational and such like purposes as are supposed to pertain to a meet of hounds. Thus, at four o'clock to a moment, Mr. Frank Griswold was to be seen issuing from the club grounds — some seventeen couple round his heels, and Joe Murphy in attendance — Master and man as well equipped, well-mounted, and businesslike, as when I saw them two years ago. Since that date Mr. Griswold, amalgamating his own pack with that of the club, has succeeded Mr. T. Hitchcock as Master of the Meadow Brook on the latter resigning and establishing hounds in South Carolina. With the Mastership, be it added, comes the privilege of at all times and under all circumstances leading the field in the pursuit

of hounds. Methinks, were this etiquette to be acknowledged and enforced in Old England, many a change of Mastership would speedily be announced. Looked at from one point of view alone — imagine the feelings of the M. F. H. called upon to live ever in front of the galloping hundreds of the Quorn or Pytchley! If you want another point of view, you will find it in a glimpse of the Long Island timber: fancy yourself booked for the post in question for a period of years, three times a week whatever the weather and whatever your mode of life or its temptations; then go home, and there study at leisure “A Question of Courage” as set forth in this month’s *Lippincott’s Magazine*.

For all exigencies that might rise on the present occasion the Master appeared admirably mounted, on a beautiful mare named Sweetheart, said to have been bred in Canada, and known to have been successfully exhibited at the New York Horse Shows — where she has more than once

achieved a record of six feet in the jumping arena. Murphy was riding the big Canadian mare, Kannuck; Hewett, stud groom of the Meadow Brook Hunt, was mounted on a powerful, apparently rather underbred horse whose reputation is second to none as a sure conveyance, which means that he and his rider (the latter long since handicapped by broken thighs and various minor fractures incidental to the practise of tutoring young horses upon Long Island) were easily equal to all contingencies of the day. Whenever it came to attacking an awkward leap out of a road, the first to turn towards it were usually Hewett and his big horse, followed instantaneously by his little son, "a seventy-five-pound boy," and a wonderful dun pony — who, if the timber happened to be too big for him, would go on and off it like a greyhound.

Of the field there were Mr. Charles Carroll, on his black Irish horse, Honest John, that has carried him some seasons

and has also won many prizes. Mr. Carroll (who, by the by, was duly clad in the pink of the chase) is a keen foxhunter — having graduated in the fields of the Old Country and of Pau. He had now, with Mr. Herbert aforesaid, traveled all night from the Geneseo Valley, where good natural foxhunting prevails, and where the farmers turn their attention largely to the breeding of hunters. Beside him were Mr. H. S. Page, in the cool white clothing of summer; Mr. Victor Marowetz on a particularly neat bay mare, that I had already seen at the kennels, and that I am told has won many jumping prizes at the New York Riding Club; Mr. J. L. Kernochan on a hog-maned chestnut that has already visited Leicestershire in Mr. Mortimer's stud, and Mrs. Kernochan, superbly mounted on Retribution, said to be the best half-bred steeple-chase mare in the country. Mr. Rawlings Cottenet was on Red Baron, who bears the character of being fast and very good; Mr. Van Rens-

selaer Kennedy on the old-fashioned and reliable Wisdom; and Mr. George Day on the Laverack mare (horse and man alike powerful and capable). Mr. Willard Roby was alone riding a horse raised upon Long Island, viz., Gimcrack by Biloxi. Gimcrack had been hunted only once or twice previously; but, having been well schooled at home, was able to go faultlessly through the run. Mr. S. D. Ripley was on his nice bay mare, Molly, who also has won honors at the shows. And here ends my knowledge of the members of the field. I can only add that, as in Ireland, every one who goes hunting upon Long Island must be on business bent. There are few gates and fewer gaps; and shirking is of no avail.

The Westbury Plain, upon which the Meadow Brook Club is situated, has almost the scope of Newmarket Heath, and is level and rideable from end to end. Across this trotted the little cavalcade, some twenty horsemen, while a strong muster

of carriages drove round the flank to Westbury town. Among the charioteers were Mr. Whitney (ex-secretary of the navy) and his daughter, Mrs. C. Carroll, Mrs. T. Hitchcock, Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. Smith-Hadden, Mrs. Peters, Miss Roby, Miss Marié, Miss Bird, etc. Doubtless they were to some extent informed of the intended course, for they reappeared in force no less than three times during the run. Though there can be but remote risk of their heading the fox, the presence of a number of vehicles along an intersecting lane is said to be at times not altogether without its dangers to riders and drivers alike. For instance, it is on record that at Newport, not long ago, one of the field of horsemen jumped clean into the body of a landau — turning a somersault, horseman on the further side, without damage to anybody.

Crossing the railway, the Master moved northward. Already I had a vivid foreboding of what was intended; for had I

not been reminded that north was the direction when, two years ago, we were treated to Titus's Farm and his well-known fences, and had I not heard it discussed overnight as to whether the run so confidently foretold would be over the easy country south or in the contrary direction? However, having long ago emerged from that period of life when, knowing no fear, one often affected it, and having on the contrary attained that far less desirable state of being frequently in a funk, while never daring to show it, I followed with apparent complacency till, to my absolute relief, hounds suddenly broke from the road, and with a whimper set forth upon the open grass adjoining. A wave of the Master's hand and a note of the horn brought them back to the line across which they had flashed. From habit the old watch was drawn from the fob, then the billycock was beaten down, reins were shortened in hand, and the fun began. Aye, it was fun too, for the next half-hour

— a pastime of itself, a merry ride, a jovial experience. Put all comparisons out of mind. Remember, this was a simple drag-hunt over a quaint and sturdy country; 'tis the game that men have here been forced to accept in lieu of foxhunting: and certainly it cannot be laid to their charge that they have been content with any child's play as a substitute.

Some upright poles against the sun almost proclaimed a wire — before we had galloped half a mile, and before we had reached a fence. Dazzled by the sunlight, Mr. Cottenet and a half a dozen others broke through it with a clang and without a fall. A zigzag fence stood across our path, and with this we opened the ball, while hounds clustered and settled to run hard across the cornfield beyond. I like those zigzag fences, the relics of pioneer farming in Eastern America. They are not so tall as the more modern post and rails; they are more tangible to the eye, yet hold out some hope of crumbling to

the ground if struck. The others are fixtures, indeed, seldom relinquishing any but a single top bar, and that only under the strongest possible protest. And of this sort was the next — into a very narrow lane, and prefaced by a very indistinct take-off, where weeds from beneath the corn crop had trespassed close to the timber. The Master selected a place beneath a tree, and was no sooner in the lane than a second bound from Sweetheart carried him, *nolens volens*, out beyond. The two next comers entered pocket to pocket, and many others, missing the more eligible spot, were fain to skirmish down the strong rails till they came to the Jericho turnpike and the woods above Mr. Winthrop's house. A momentary check brought all the field together; Murphy jumped off to unchain the lane gate — into the road, horsemen treaded their way through the stream of carriages, and hounds went off again at cry. Now for a fair sample of Long Island. Look right and look left. No escape.

Each twenty-acre field is bound round with these great mortised fences: and gates are as little known as in the Green Island beyond the ocean. One spot is altogether the same as another; our leader follows in the track of hounds; and the first four-footer is flown without rap of hoof or even refusal. The second is like unto it — but may claim a few inches more, with the advantage or otherwise of a slight drop. Ah, what a delicious sensation! — the bound of a freegoing horse, eager for his jump and careful of his stride. 'Tis like a gasp of mountain air again, that one breathes in the few seconds of that voyage aloft. I have always held that a fair pace at strong timber is best and safest — as it is certainly most pleasurable. I find my theory indorsed again and again among the timber jumpers of America. See Mr. Griswold there (whose performance in this direction I have learned to regard as almost phenomenal) taking the wooden barricades at a steady gallop, his horse

pulled together for each fresh effort, but the pace seldom checked, and a fall so seldom scored that today's instance, later on, was regarded as almost unique.

But meanwhile a clatter and crash proclaim loudly that a liberty, sure to be resented, has already been taken by some reckless quadruped. Sure enough, Mr. Page's young mare, after rolling over her white-clad rider and leaving him with a broken collarbone, is to be seen careering past hounds to join a bunch of colts in a mad gallop round the enclosure (bad luck for a good man, on this the first day of a brief season. But defend me, for one, from ever attempting the Long Island country on a "green horse"!). Forward still for the others — the lady on Retribution holding her own gallantly, over a stronger line than I, at least, ever rode in our English Shires! Look here! Four massive rails into a narrow road — along it, not twenty yards to the left, surely a gateway that I have seen before. Some

memory at all events flashes through my startled brain as Mr. Griswold dashes at the breach. Breach, good heavens, 'tis the selfsame set of drawrails over which they contrived to lead us two years ago from out of Titus's classic pastures. They looked, I remember, ghastly then. But surely they have grown in the interim. A hog-backed rail now surmounts the too-sufficient barway of that time — and Mr. Griswold is just spinning over the lot, at a pace rather increased than diminished, Sweetheart rising at about the angle at which a bear would climb a tree. I see no use in shutting my eyes, I haven't the nerve to pull up and go home; but I can't help praying that the little mare's stride may be right and true — another moment we are over what I had deemed a hopeless impossibility; and a grateful blessing leaves my lips for Brunette's kindly owner. A phase of high farming possibly; but — whether or no — this extra top rail has, I am told, been quite recently added to most

of the fences of this particular district. (And, by the by, I am promised the measurement of these particular drawrails; so will commit myself to no premature estimate.¹)

Soon another road and another brief check (twenty minutes to this, and under a still blazing sun). The Old Westbury Post-office stood here — as we had leisure to see, while hounds were carried down the road and we waited to take our turn at some low rails into the highway. The heat, the pace, and the occasional soft soil of the lately stripped cornfields had begun to tell on horses now for the first time called upon to gallop. A white lather was the token with some, a certain carelessness at the smaller fences with others. Had that road been stoned, I know well where one set of broken knees would have been earned — while a feat of retrograde climbing (hand over hand, from ground to bridle, bridle to mane, mane to saddle)

¹ The rail being roached the actual jump was 5 feet 6 inches.

was being enacted that would have done more than credit to Aldershot's gymnasium or Canterbury's riding school.

Some of the more prudent or sensible members of the field now pulled up. The others rode out again eastward till hounds bore once more to the right, for Wheatley. Jumping out of the Wheatley road Sweetheart (of whom it is only fair to add that this was her first day's experience as huntsman's horse) fell heavily, and the Master's foot hung for a few moments in the stirrup. Soon, however, he was up and away in pursuit of Mr. Carroll, who had turned out of the road simultaneously. Several strong fences came here — of which I and my brave, but now slightly blown, little mount were able to avoid personal experience, by seizing upon a line of lighter fences, a hundred yards or so on the left. Indeed, I could not help fancying that these had actually been lowered, according to custom, by bold reynard himself towards the close of his flight. Murphy and Hewett were

also ready to accept them. And a few minutes later we "ran into him," near Mr. Lane's house. Thirty minutes, and my story told.

A PERFECT HUNTER

A HORSE with a good mouth and perfect manners, that loves hounds and is never quite happy unless in the same field with them. A horse that pricks his ears when hounds are drawing and is keen to get to them when he hears a halloa, yet stands willingly when hounds are at fault. A horse that shortens his stride as he nears a fence and is a fine judge of distance, that glides over the grass and makes little of the plough, that will fly a fence or creep when necessary, that has the heart and courage to last through a long day and finally jog home cheerfully and eat up all his feed when he gets there, and that leads out fresh and sound the next morning.

AMOROUS

“ EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY ”

“ EASY THE LESSONS OF THE YOUTHFUL TRAIN
WHEN INSTINCT PROMPTS, AND WHEN EXAMPLE
GUIDES ”

AMOROUS

IT is a beautiful evening in the month of May. The weather is like summer and there is scarce a breath of air. Owing to a blizzard in the month of March the season has been backward but the warm sun, making up for lost time, has caused all the blossoms to unfold at the same moment. The pear trees as well as the apple trees are in all their glory and look as if covered with a light fall of snow, and the air is perfumed by the sweet breath of the falling apple blossoms intermingled with the scent of the lilac bushes in full bloom.

The sky is cloudless and of a light blue melting into the pale mauve and purple haze that overhangs the Hempstead Plains in the distance.

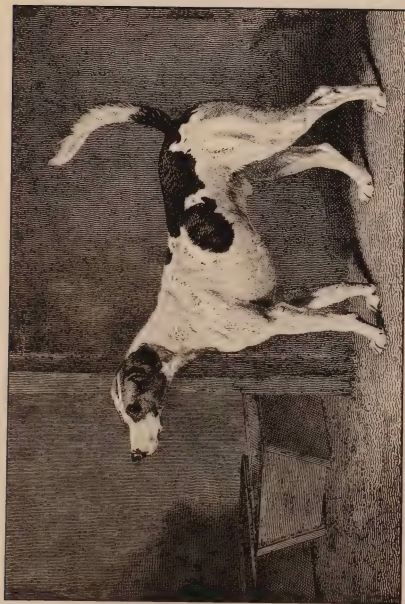
Amorous, the stallion hound, is lying

in the grass court outside of the kennels at Williston looking at this scene, and at the same time watching through the open gate the antics of three couple of foxhound puppies that are playing in the orchard beyond. Being the sire of these puppies he takes a special interest in their clumsy frolic.

After a time he stretches himself, yawns as if bored with life, and finally whimpers once or twice. The puppies immediately cease their play, race towards him, and lie down. Their dappled coats as soft as moleskin seem two sizes too large for them, and as they look up at him their wrinkled faces are full of sagacity and contentment.

Amorous always holds their undivided attention for they love to hear him tell tales of sport in England. This day he gave them a lecture on hunting and began by saying:

“Your days of fun and frolic will soon be over for in a few weeks’ time you will be taken into the kennels and taught good



AMOROUS

manners. You were whelped in the early autumn, for owing to the hot summers in this country it is thought that puppies born at that season will develop better than if they opened their eyes in the spring as I did at Grantham.

"I am of pure Belvoir blood, my sire was the great Dexter whose father was Nominal by Gambler. The latter was one of the stoutest hounds that ever lived. He hunted for fourteen seasons, for after the tenth season he was pensioned and allowed to run loose and would join the pack, hunt with them until he was tired, and then go home. He was nearly sixteen when he died, a great age for a foxhound, yet, remember, whom the gods love die young whenever they die.

"My conformation was good but I had too much white about me and not enough Belvoir-tan so they drafted me and I was sent to the Quorn kennels, while my Belvoir-tan brothers remained at home, and for all I know are hunting still.

“Color is only skin deep and after all is a matter of opinion. I am told that in this country a man who has a drop of African blood in his veins is a negro, while in Cuba if a negro has a drop of white blood in his body he is a white man. The latter is the Latin way of looking at it instead of the Anglo-Saxon way.

“A good hound is never of a bad color.

“I ran at head of the Quorn mixed pack for four seasons but in jumping a small brook one day I landed on a stone and broke a toe. My hunting days were over and I was transported to improve the blood of American foxhounds. They tried to marry me at first to several yellow girls from Virginia, but I would not have it. The English lassies were good enough for me.

“Your mother Charmer is of true Belvoir blood and was by that good hound Vagabond.

“You have all had pleasant days hunting ‘cottontails’ or rabbits as they miscall

them here, for there are no rabbits in America. The rabbit lives in a burrow, whereas the 'cottontails' live on top of the ground and harbor their young in lairs just as the big brown hares do in England. You being foxhounds must forget the scent of the hare and learn to love the trail of the fox. It is a merry sight to see the white tag of a fox's brush dancing away before you. The white tag does not necessarily denote the sex of a fox; many vixens have that mark and many a dog fox is without it. The brush is of great assistance to a fox for, using it as a rudder, he can twist and turn going at full speed and when he wishes to jump a high wall he will get the required impetus by rapidly revolving his brush before jumping.

"A huntsman invariably draws covert up wind for the reason that the fox does not hear you coming, and if the fox turns down wind, as he most probably will, it enables the hounds to hark together whereas they otherwise would be strung out and

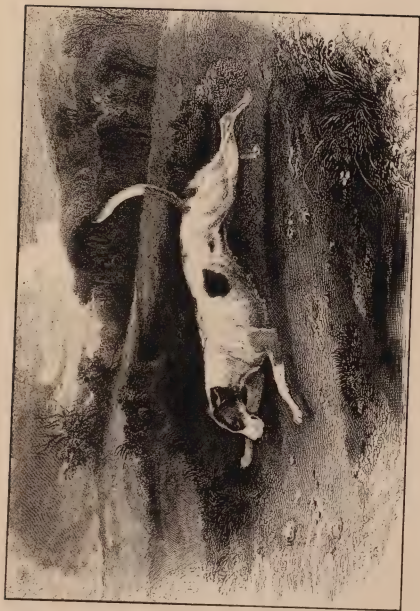
many left in covert. If a fox runs up wind when first found and afterwards turns he seldom if ever turns again. Bag foxes will always run down wind.

“Do not babble—leave that to the brooks. A hound to hold his own must hold his tongue. Find out which hounds you can rely on and hark to them quickly. The hard running line hounds are the most to be depended on.

“Remember that the farther a fox goes the less scent he leaves and that, by a wise provision of nature, a vixen heavy with cubs leaves but little scent.

“When close to a fox after he goes away you have his breast-high body scent to guide you, but if he makes a sharp turn you must put your noses down and keep them there. You will discover that scents differ with different foxes and must learn to stick to the fox you are hunting and not change.

“When scent is good and you do not have to stoop to it, it is called breast-high.



RAPID

Scent is a curious thing. There is no kind of weather that I have not known scent to exist in or not to exist in. 'A southerly wind and a cloudy sky' sounds well in the poem, but I am convinced there is often a better scent in a clear north wind. Although scent depends greatly on wind and weather it also depends on soil. When the air is dry and the ground is hard the scent is poor but will be found better on rich soft soil. Moisture in the soil is better than moisture in the air.

"A warm day without sun or wind is the best and a southerly wind without rain or a gentle westerly wind is the most favorable for hunting. A wet night will often produce a good scent; during a white frost scent lies high, and there is often a burning scent on newly fallen snow. There is good sport to be had at times in misty weather, but if the fog is thick and wet the scent is not likely to be good in the woodlands, for the moisture dropping from the boughs and bushes kills it and sport is

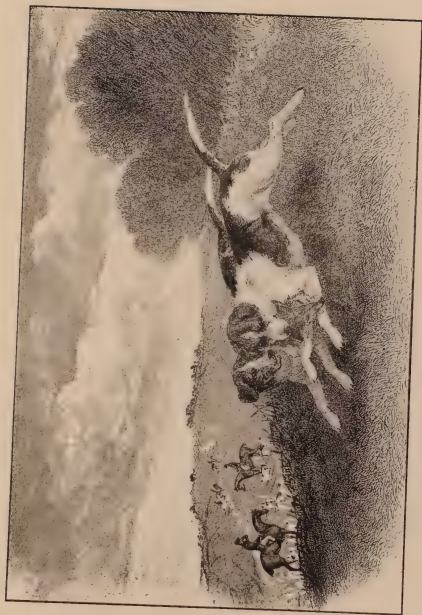
apt to be poor if the 'cobwebs' show plainly in the grass.

"But all these things you will have to learn by experience.

"Now let me tell you of one of the best hunts that I ever had with the Quorn.

"Tom Firr was the huntsman at the time and a more just and kindly man never lived. Your whole career depends on the huntsman who first schools you in the art of hunting, for 'like huntsman like hounds.' A nervous huntsman makes flighty hounds, a bold huntsman makes keen hounds.

"We met at the Great Dalby but did not do much in the morning, hampered as we were by a great crowd of horsemen. Late in the afternoon, when there was but a small company left with the hounds, we drew Burdett's covert. A fine dog fox went away from the lower end towards Dalby. We raced away at a rare pace towards Burrough Hill. I was at the head of the pack most of the time but



FRIENDLY TUSSLE FOR THE MASK

Rapid, a very fast bitch, was hard to beat when scent was breast-high, as it was that afternoon. The fox made for Adams' Gorse but finding the earth stopped kept on and crossed the Twyford brook into which we all plunged. There is no sensation quite equal to a cold plunge in the midst of a hot chase; it is very refreshing, for after a good shake on the far bank you feel fit for miles of hunting. On we went towards John O'Gaunt and crossed the road that runs between Loseby and Merfield. The fox was evidently heading for Fox Hole Spinney beyond Quenby, but he was bowled over in the middle of a pasture field not far from Quenby Hall. There had not been a check the whole journey, just a twist or two that gave the advantage sometimes to me and then again to Rapid. She coursed the fox at the end and as he turned I rolled him over. I well remember a friendly tussle I had with Rapid as to which of us should have the honor of carrying the mask home to the kennels."

At that moment the lifting of a gate-latch was heard and Amorous stopped his story and then said:

“Here comes the kennel boy; it must be feeding time, so be off with you.”

At this the puppies scampered after the boy and Amorous limping slightly followed, murmuring softly to himself:

“Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctors for a nauseous draught.”

THE TRAGIC END OF REDDY THE FOX

"UNPLEASANT TRUTH! DEATH HAUNTS US
FROM OUR BIRTH

IN VIEW, AND MEN LIKE FOXES TAKE TO
EARTH."

THE TRAGIC END OF REDDY THE FOX

IT was Westbury monthly meeting, not of the Quakers but of the Fox family that were the descendants of the celebrated Gray Beard who lived for so many years in Guinea Wood. His grandchildren and great-grandchildren had the custom of meeting once monthly during the winter season to discuss family matters and to hear their elders discourse on self-preservation.

The meetings were held, during the winter in question, under a hayrick back of Tim Tredwell's barn. This rick had been built on old fence rails for ventilation and to keep the hay from the wet ground, so that below the hay there was a clear space protected from the wind and cold.

There were twenty delegates present,

some from Broadhollow, others from the Whitney Woods, from Brookville, Syosset, and Jericho — all related by blood or marriage; and, with the exception of the sentinel on the hill, placed there because it was thought wise to be prepared for emergencies as that man Velsor had a way of hunting on moonlight nights, all were attentively listening to the speaker.

Stumpy was presiding and had the floor. He began by saying:

“Man is the most brutal of all living creatures for he plays his game with loaded dice and kills with lead and steel. I do not mean that he should not train hounds to hunt us, for that is a natural sport and is just as much fun for us as for him, or, in fact, for the hounds and horses. It is the finest sport known and I look back with the greatest pleasure to many a day’s exercise that it has given me. It does come hard in the early part of the season before one is quite fit and when one’s winter coat, that has begun to grow, feels pretty warm,



THE SENTINEL ON THE HILL

but it is all a fair game; and if you keep your wits about you and think quickly you run little danger of losing your life for the earths are not stopped and you always have a refuge, but if you are careless it is all up with you. That is how my brother Reddy lost his life.

“Reddy and I were of the same litter and including my two sisters we were a family of four cubs. One sister married and lives out Huntington way, and the other was shot for ‘cruelly robbing a hen roost.’ Robbing, indeed — just as if poultry were not a part of our natural provender; and as far as the cruel part of killing a hen is concerned, did anyone of you ever hear a fowl even squawk when a fox kills? It is man who is cruel, for he wounds half the time and allows his game to die. Many a wounded duck have I put out of its misery on the salt marshes in the winter time; and only the other day I came across a poor woodcock that had no legs, they having been shot away. They even use unfair

means — why, not long since some men were trying to dig out a cousin of mine in the Dix Hills and found the root of a tree across their path. They promptly used dynamite to remove the obstruction. The noise was great, the root was destroyed, but the shock killed my cousin and damaged her pelt so that they had all their trouble for nothing. Can you imagine anything more brutal? — and just to save themselves a little digging. There is great comfort, however, in the knowledge that men use their infernal engines of destruction against one another and that thousands of them are killed yearly.

“But to hark back to my brother Reddy. He was a weakling and was cautioned to remain near home, but not following this advice he was captured one day by the kennel boy, who took him to the house where he was made a pet of and well looked after. He lived in the house for a time and later had a kennel in the stable-yard and wore a collar and a long light chain. He would



WE WERE A FAMILY OF FOUR CUBS

play with the puppies which had their liberty, and would pounce on any pigeons or fowls that came too near his kennel. His life was not unpleasant but he bored himself terribly. He was taught to run across country at the end of his chain and the puppies were instructed to follow his trail. In this way he had plenty of exercise and in consequence enjoyed his food. I passed many a cold night with him in his kennel telling him of the hunts that I had indulged in and the sport I had enjoyed. One day, in making a lunge at a fat hen that passed by, he broke the chain and then joined us in Guinea Wood. He passed the summer with us and soon learned to find food for himself, but the dangling chain bothered him greatly. We all tried to gnaw through the collar but found it had a steel lining.

“When the hunting season came around we cautioned him to remain at home during the daytime, which he did for awhile, but falling in love with one of the Cross-Fox girls

who lived in the Whitney Woods, he would often wander over to see her.

“As I said, the chain bothered him for it would often catch on twigs and bring him up with a jerk that would nearly dislocate his neck. The hounds picked him up one day when on his way home, and in his hurry he forgot the barbed wire that ran through the fence on the east side of the home woods. The chain caught on the barbs and his neck was broken by the jolt. He was luckily quite dead when the hounds reached him.

“If there is such a place as hell I trust the man who invented barbed wire will be shown to a front seat near the fire when he arrives there, for it will be his destination without a doubt.”

The discussion was interrupted by three sharp barks from the sentinel on the hill. The assembled members of the Fox family all cocked their heads to listen and plainly heard the baying of hounds in the distance. With one voice they shouted “*Velsor sauve*



THAT MAN VELSOR

qui peut," and then there was a hurrying and a scurrying, a running of circles and a crossing of trails, so that when the hounds, trailing one of the delegates from Broad Hollow, arrived they were at a loss which way to turn. They really never did get far away from the hayrick, but kept coming back and starting anew, and they wasted so much time that all the members of the Fox family reached their homes in safety.

JACK TRAVAIL'S FIRST LOVE

"ON REVIENS TOUJOURS À SES
PREMIERS AMOURS "

JACK TRAVAIL'S FIRST LOVE

IT was Horse Show week and the horse was king. The present generation little know what that means, yet before the coming of the automobile, trolley car, and motor boat the horse was supreme, supplying the only power for getting about in town as well as in the country, and was also the medium for most of the sport of the day.

In my younger years a horse in America always meant a trotter. I can remember often driving with my father on Harlem Lane in a single-seated trotting wagon, speeding with everyone we met, and passing them also; for my father owned, among other trotters, a gray mare, still to be found in the stud-book as the Griswold Star Mare, that had a record of 1.08 for half a mile,

which in those days was fast enough to challenge the very best. She had a wonderful burst of speed for a short distance but could not stay a full mile. My father would at times forget me in the excitement of the sport, and to keep from falling out I had to hold on to his near side driving-coat pocket with both my hands.

We would often stop at the half mile track, called in the early days Elm Park and later known as the Manhattan track, where there was a Club House with a membership of four hundred. This track was at Bloomingdale above what is now 90th Street. There you would find, if you had not met or passed them on the road, David Bonner with one of his celebrated horses, Lady Palmer, Flatbush Mate, or perhaps the fast Peerless, Colonel Harker driving Brunot and Brunetta, Commodore Vanderbilt with his so-called pony team of bays that trotted with great speed and grace, Louis Petty, H. Durkee, W. K. Knapp, the Stuyvesants, and a host of others who



FLORA TEMPLE

drove daily and were all members of the exclusive trotting club. Some days you might meet my uncle George Alley, the best reinsman of them all, jogging Dexter. Dexter was the king of the turf, having dethroned Flora Temple by trotting in 2.18 $\frac{3}{5}$. My uncle, who had a great eye for a horse, bought Dexter, by Rysdicks Hambletonian out of the Hawkins mare, at Stony Ford in Orange County when a three-year-old; and I remember the colt being brought to my father's stable, which was in 13th Street next door to Murray's stable, then the headquarters in the city for trotting men. He was a rough and wild looking colt, and the grooms had a hard struggle replacing his rope halter with one of leather.

The life on Harlem Lane in those days, especially after a fall of snow, was extraordinary — everyone drove, merchants, bankers, brokers, lawyers, and Tammany politicians. To own a trotter or a fast pair of trotting horses was the chief aim

in life. A few years later horse racing became popular and Jerome Park was opened; then followed the Four-in-Hand Club, polo, and hunting.

Everyone would be talking horse at the clubs in town at night and you could make your choice and join those who were racing mad, or talk trotting in another corner, or if you were young the hunting lot would perhaps appeal to you most.

How the world has changed, one hears nothing discussed now but carburetors, niblicks, tennis rackets, and golf courses. The horse has been banished to the hunting field, the show ground, and the plough. He is no longer king nor is he the daily companion he used to be.

I met Jack Travail one evening at the Horse Show. The Show in those days was fashionable and everyone worth knowing was there in his or her very best raiment. Travail asked me to dine with him the following Friday, at his stable uptown, to meet a few friends who were interested in

trotting horses. I gladly accepted for I wanted to see the stable that Jack had lately built at great expense to house his string of trotters.

He was getting old and seldom drove, yet he had his horses to look at, which was a comfort in his old age. A competent trainer drove them and kept them fit to speed at any moment when the owner might desire to drive them. Jack had been a daily regular on the road for over thirty years and hated to give up the sport, yet seldom felt strong enough to undertake the long jog up the Avenue and through the Park.

When I arrived on Friday evening the guests were all assembled, looking at the horses. There were trotting horse breeders from the broad acres of Kentucky and Tennessee and others from the mountain pastures of Virginia, who, with dear old Jimmie Olive and Jack's son, George, made a party of twelve.

The stable was most complete in every

way, finished in polished hardwood with fittings of burnished brass. Six famous trotters stood in boxes that were deeply bedded with golden straw. The clothing was taken off the horses and each animal was inspected in turn and his pedigree and performances gone over, for Travail never bought a horse that did not have a low record on the track.

Most of the sportsmen owned, or had owned, relatives of these well-bred animals, and they had many anecdotes to tell of them; so that, after inspecting the glass cases full of Wood Gibson harness and the row of light Brewster single top buggies, weighing but one hundred pounds each yet guaranteed to carry two hundred and fifty pounds in safety at a high rate of speed, it was late when we took the elevator to go to dinner.

The first floor above the stable contained a suite of rooms — a sitting room, dining room, large bedroom, and the very latest thing in bathrooms. The sitting room and

DEXTER



dining room were paneled and furnished in oak and the walls were hung with paintings and prints of celebrated horses and decorated with silver cups, won at Horse Shows and at pigeon matches by George, the pride of the family, who was a famous shot.

The dinner, supplied by Sherry, was perfect in every detail and the table was covered with American Beauty roses. It is needless to relate that the dinner talk was of the horse horsey, for the company present had for the moment no other thought. When the coffee and cigars had been passed around Jack Travail said he wished to tell us of a letter he had lately received. He began by saying:

"You all know I was not born in New York. My native town is Cincinnati. After passing through the high school I looked about for work. My first employment was as salesman for a hardware firm. As you may be aware, in those days the only method of conveyance was by river steamers, by stage coach, or in your own

carriage. My route was south through Kentucky and Tennessee. I made two trips a year, in the spring and in the autumn, behind a pair of trotters hitched to a strong top buggy. The inns were few and far between and I usually stopped with farmers along my route, and very pleasant evenings we used to pass talking horse, for the country was even at that time devoted to horse-breeding. One village that I never missed was Shelbyville, for two reasons. The first was that the rich farmer with whom I always stopped owned a farm of one thousand acres of the finest pasture land, and raised the best trotting horses in the State. The other attraction was his lovely daughter, Linda, by name. Linda and I were great friends and I always looked forward with pleasure to my arrival at Shelbyville, for I knew it meant pleasant walks with her in the twilight, looking the young horses over and noting how they had grown and developed since my last visit, and then walking home in the moon-

light — and — ah! but you all have once been young!

“I remained in the hardware business until my mother died when I decided to travel and see the world. Eventually I drifted to New York where I settled, married, and prospered.

“A few days ago I received a letter from a law firm in Louisville telling me that their client, a rich widow by the name of Jackson whom I would not know by that name, but might remember as Linda Boone of fifty years ago, having heard from friends who had recently been visting New York that I was in reduced circumstances and living over a stable, had placed in their hands two farms, the rentals of which were to be remitted to me yearly out of gratitude for the very happy days of her youth.”

Travail's son interrupted the story by saying, “Papa, that is a lady-love worth having; what did you do?” His father said: “I went to Tiffany's and selected the finest bracelet that I could find, and

sent it to Kentucky with a letter of thanks in which I said, among other things, that although I did live over a stable at odd moments, the stable and what it contained represented a small fortune, and that I also had a comfortable home on the north side of Madison Square where I lived with my children."

After drinking a bumper to Linda Boone of Kentucky the party broke up and adjourned to the Horse Show.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
BULLDAGS

"IT TAKES TWO MEN TO BOTH DRINK AND
RIDE"

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE BULLDAGS

A MASTER of hounds has many troubles of many kinds. The Master of the Genesee Valley hounds sent the following circular to the members of his hunt a few years ago:

GENESEE VALLEY HUNT

You have no business on a man's land, but are there by his sufferance, and he is entitled to every consideration. It is no excuse that ^{Of} you are in a hurry. It is much better ^{the Farmer} for the Hunt that you should be left behind than that a farmer should be injured. If you take down a rail, you should put it back. If you open a gate, you should shut it. If you break a fence or do any damage you cannot repair, you should report it at once to the responsible officers of the Hunt that it may be made good. Although you may feel convinced that it improves wheat to ride over it, the opinion is not diffused or popular, and the fact that some fool has gone ahead is no excuse whatever, but makes the matter worse. The spectacle of a lot of men following another's track across a wheat

field and killing hopelessly the young plants, which the first had probably injured but slightly, is too conducive to profanity to be edifying in any community. You may think that the honest farmer deems it a privilege to leave his life of luxurious idleness and travel around half the night in the mud for horses which have got out, or spend days sorting sheep which have got mixed by your leaving his gates open or fences down. You are mistaken. He doesn't.

The M. F. H. is a great and mystic personage to be lowly, meekly, and reverently looked up to, Of helped, considered, and given the right the Master of way at all times. His ways are not as other men's ways, and his language and actions are not to be judged by their standard. All that can be asked of him is that he furnish good sport, and so long as he does that he is amenable to no criticism, subject to no law, and fettered by no conventionality, while in the field. He is supposed by courtesy to know more about his own hounds than outsiders, and all hallooing, calling, and attempts at hunting them by others are not only very bad manners but are apt to spoil sport. As a general rule he can enjoy your conversation and society more when not in the field with the hounds, riders, foxes, and damages on his mind.

N.B. — The proffer of a flask is not conversation within the meaning of the above.

Don't tag after the first whip and make one of a line of sentries around a covert. How can a fox
 Of break if you do? Keep your mouth
 the Fox shut when you see a fox until he is well away and you are between him and the pack. Then, if you are sure it is the hunted fox, **STAND STILL** as nearly on his line as possible and yell for all you are worth. Don't cap on the first hounds, but let the huntsman bring up the pack. Don't gallop after the fox by yourself. If you caught him alone he might bite you. Don't "give tongue" on a woodchuck. It will cause you humiliation. There is a difference in the tails.

Keep away from them at all times and at every time. Even if you consider them worthless, the
 Of Master may be quaintly indifferent
 the Hounds to your opinion, and as the quietest horse will kick at a strange dog, and the stupidest dog distrusts a strange horse, **KEEP AWAY**. Stand still at a check and give them a chance to work. No hound can hunt while figuring the odds of being bitten, kicked, or stepped on, and if the field keep pressing them in any direction, however slowly, the benighted beasts are capable of thinking there is a rational cause for it. And keep away from the huntsman also, that he may be in full view and the hounds see him and follow his movements and signals. And do not get between him and the whip on the road. There are miles of it before

and behind where your equestrianism will be more appreciated.

Don't say, "Ware horse!" to the hound. Say "Ware hound!" to the horse. It is never any Of excuse that you cannot hold your the Rider horse. You have no business to bring out a horse you cannot hold any more than a biter or kicker. If you cannot hold him, go home. Never follow a man closely, particularly over a jump. If he should fall when landing, you might kill him while helpless. Take your own line and keep it. Everybody is supposed to be entitled to the panel in front of him. If you don't like yours, you must not take another man's till your turn.

When I accepted the mastership of the M. B. Hunt I found that half a dozen of the younger members of the hunt had formed a club called the Bulldags. They fancied they could ride harder and drink deeper than any men in the world. They caused me much annoyance out hunting, for, whether hounds were hunting or not, it was one continued pounding match between them at all times. I soon discovered that the members of their club who really



THE BULLDAGS

drank hard could not ride, and I fancied that those who really rode well could not drink, for I had long known that it takes two men to both drink and ride. I determined to find out just what their capabilities for drink were.

At the end of the hunting season we had a hunt dinner at the Club House. I invited a few of the prominent farmers to be my guests, one of them being a young farmer who lived near me and who was renowned among his associates for having a strong head. I called and begged him to join us. He said he was very shy and would not go unless I would promise to drive over with him to the dinner, which I gladly agreed to do.

On the way over I warned him of what would happen to him if he did not keep his wits about him. He told me to have no fear, that he was quite able to look after himself. When we arrived we found four brave Bulldogs among the assembled company of twenty sportsmen and their guests.

The Bulldags immediately seized my agricultural friend and took him aside to drink cocktails.

He was seated at the dinner table with two pink-coated Bulldags on each side of him, who during dinner were continually drinking bumpers with him with such success to themselves that, before the coffee and cigars, three members of the hard-drinking club had been carried to bed and the fourth led away speechless.

The young farmer sat alone in his glory with a broad smile on his weatherbeaten face, and two empty chairs on each side of him. He drove me home in the moonlight behind a fast trotting horse. It was a furious drive but we did not hit anything larger than my offside gatepost, which still bears a scar in memory of the defunct Bulldag Club, for it was never heard of after that night of full moon high tide.

THE SPORTING BARBER'S CLOSE
SHAVE

“QUI VA À LA CHASSE PERD SA PLACE”

THE SPORTING BARBER'S CLOSE SHAVE

I WAS greatly pleased in the summer of 1878 to hear that my friend James Gordon, who lived in Paris, had leased Somerby House in the Shires for the coming hunting season. He moved his French household to England in November, and kindly invited me among other friends to stop with him and enjoy the hunting.

When I arrived at Somerby I found the house full of sportsmen. There was Lord Derry, a cheerful Irishman, and Sir John Lister, the most beloved man in Leicestershire. They told a story that one day out hunting, when the hounds checked, there were only the Master and one or two members of the Hunt with the hounds. When the Master asked where the field was, he was informed that Johnny Lister had had

a fall and that everyone had stopped to pick him up. Then there was "Guy" Livingston — I can see him now riding Slippery Sam. Dear old Guy, did a more popular man ever live, I wonder? And last but not least, Captain Sweet, known as "Sugar." We had many a jolly day's hunting and many a revel at night.

Among the people stopping in the house was Auguste, the sporting barber from Paris. Auguste had a little shop on the Champs Élysées and shaved most of the members of the Jockey Club, and was full of sporting knowledge and tips on the races. In those days the races were not doped by every morning paper in Paris, nor were sporting extras sold in the streets as they are to-day. It was difficult to obtain racing information, and much of Auguste's custom was due to the fact that he knew, or at least would tell you, the latest news from Chantilly. Horse owners gave him information that he would with discretion impart to others. It was not that he ever



A HOUND OR TWO COULD BE SEEN

told one anything startling, but one always had hopes of getting a really good tip.

He went to Gordon's house every morning to shave him and was *désolé* when he heard that his patron was to pass the winter in England. Gordon told him that if he wished he might come to Somerby for a month, shave him, and pass the rest of the time with the *chef*, who was a great friend of the barber's.

One morning I was awakened at an early hour by "Sugar" who informed me that he had persuaded the barber to go hunting and wanted to borrow a pair of boots for him. He seized the first pair of jack-boots in sight and fled before I had time to ask any questions.

We assembled after breakfast at the front door to see "Sugar" and the barber depart to the meet. The barber was resplendent in jack-boots, white cords, and a pink coat, all borrowed from the members of the house party, and he had on the largest pair of spurs that I ever beheld; and it was in

the days of long spurs, for the "Limb," who rode steeple-chases under the name of Mr. St. James, had lately introduced the fashion of long spurs, which he had to wear as his legs were so short that without them he spurred the girths instead of the horse he rode. But what gave Auguste away, besides his jack-boots, was his top hat. It was his very own, brought from Paris, in which to *flaner* in London. It was French from brim to crown, such a hat as never before had been seen in an English hunting field.

They started early for the meet at Beeby, for "Sugar" knew they would have to travel slowly. We picked them up on our way. "Sugar" was on his feet taking the spurs off the Frenchman who had been using them as hooks, much to the discomfort of the horse he rode. When we arrived at the meet the assembled sportsmen were all agog to know who "Sugar's" foreign friend might be. About this time "Sugar" began to weaken, for he saw that if he had



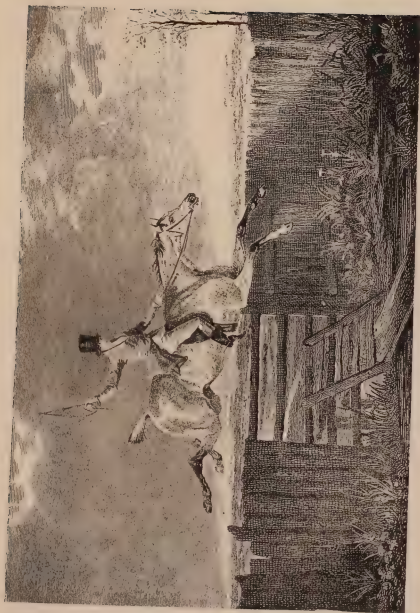
A FOX FOLLOWED BY A MAGPIE

to devote his day to the barber he would lose his day's hunting, and he was not as unselfish as all that; so he introduced him as the Marquis de St. Sauveur to his Irish father-in-law, Major Poole. The Major was delighted to have an opportunity to air his Celtic French, acquired during two winters passed in Pau. They had an interesting conversation on racing in France, a subject that Auguste was fully posted on. Shortly after the hounds moved on to draw, and the Major went with them. I waited to see what "Sugar" would do. He hailed Gordon's second horseman, who had lived some years in France and spoke harness-room French, and handed him the snaffle rein of the barber's horse, saying, "For Heaven's sake take good care of this Frenchman," and galloped down the road after the disappearing horsemen. I followed him.

The field had followed the huntsman who was about to draw Barkby Holt down wind. We joined several horsemen who were hiding behind a hedge at the corner of the

covert. It was not long before we heard the hounds, busily at work, and now and then the encouraging voice of the huntsman. From time to time a hound or two could be seen along the edge of the covert, but they would turn back in answer to the voice they knew and loved so well; for of all the huntsmen that I have watched hunt hounds, Tom Firr was the most expert and had the best control. They tell a story that one day the Quorn hounds were racing down toward a railroad in full cry after a fox when Firr saw a train coming along the line. His two blasts on the horn gave the fox his life, and brought the hounds back to where the huntsman stood waiting.

We did not have to wait long, for the music became louder as we listened. Suddenly, not fifty yards away, a fox, followed by a magpie, broke cover with the pack close to him. Hounds flashed over the scent in their eagerness, then took it up with a whimper and were away. We waited until Firr emerged from the covert and then



JUMPED A STILE IN GREAT FORM

set sail after the flying pack, which was just glistening through a hedge at the bottom of a pasture.

Hounds raced on toward Baggrave Hall, past the Potteries, and crossed the railroad near Twyford Station. Here hounds checked. Firr and quite half the field had been on good terms with the hounds across this lovely stretch of country, and both horse and man were glad of a moment in which to take a long breath.

A cast forward hit the line, and on we sped and ran to ground in Ouston Wood — a good eight miles as we had come. There had not been much grief — one or two empty saddles at a piece of timber; but I was sorry to see a man on a big gray horse fall just before we reached the wood, for he had ridden gallantly at the top of the hunt and had jumped a stile in great form.

During all this time I had not given the barber a thought, nor had "Sugar," for that matter, as I had seen him holding his own throughout the run, for he was a

clinker to hounds. We were all ready for our luncheon kits. Suddenly I saw, coming down the road, a pink coat surrounded by a group of second horsemen. It was the sporting barber, but all the sport had left him. He had been jogged along the road for over an hour, his heels were up, his toes were down, the French cylinder was on the back of his head, he had discarded the reins, and was holding on to the saddle with both hands and allowing himself to be led by Gordon's second horseman. I never saw a sadder spectacle. While dividing my sandwiches with him I asked him why he held on so hard. He replied, "*Qui va à la chasse perd sa place, et j'ai grand peur de tomber par terre.*" "Sugar" was nowhere to be seen. After eating our luncheon we sent the second horsemen home and the last I saw of them they were jogging down the road and one of them was leading the barber's horse. I felt sorry indeed for Auguste for he had twelve miles to go. I heard afterwards that when he arrived at

Somerby they lifted him from off his horse and carried him to bed. In bed he remained for three days, for he could not stand up, much less sit down; but his friend the *chef* fed him on all the delicacies of the season and listened to his stories of the glories of *la belle chasse*. He was a hero to all the French servants and the laughing-stock of the stable-yard.

In after years he loved to give his customers on the Champs Élysées long accounts of the *chasse au renard sauvage en Angleterre*, but told me in confidence that that day's hunting was still a nightmare; that he would sometimes wake in the night with a start, having dreamed that he was arrayed in scarlet and was being pursued across country by myriads of hounds and hooted at in the village streets by swarms of small shavers.

STOLEN KISSES

“SOME MEN LIVE BY HUNTING, WHICH IS OF
DIFFERENT KINDS: SOME, FOR EXAMPLE, ARE
PIRATES ”

ARISTOTLE, *Politics*



CAPTAIN MARJORIBANKS AND THE MARE

STOLEN KISSES

I DINED one night some years ago at the mess of the XIII Hussars. We were twenty-four around the wonderful mahogany table that was part of the loot from the French at Waterloo. The table was covered with massive silver cups, some of them presented to the regiment by their honorary colonels of the past and others won by the regiment at polo, for the XIII had won the regimental championship for three years. It was a wonderful sight, the officers all being in their dark blue uniforms covered with gold lace.

Colonel Marjoribanks, who sat at the head of the table, had joined in the talk which had been of racing, polo, and tiger shooting, for the regiment had lately returned from India. After the port had been passed around several times, the

Colonel, being in a cheerful frame of mind, told the following story:

What a wonderful gift a good memory is and what an affliction a poor one! A friend of mine once told me that he had the worst memory in the world. There were three things that he never could remember; the first was faces, the second was names, and he could not remember what the third thing was.

Some people remember what they hear while others remember better what they see. I always fancied the latter was my strong point, and I believed that I had a great eye for a horse; that after having one good look at an animal I should know him anywhere, even if I saw him years afterwards between the shafts of a hansom cab in town.

When I was a young captain in the IX Lancers I was invited by Lord Knossington to come to Braunston Hall, Leicestershire, for a day's hunting. I arrived in time for dinner but too late to go through the stables



THE PACK STREAMING AWAY

and have a look at the hunter I was to ride, so I decided to be up betimes the following morning and see the horses before they went to the meet. I was later than I expected and the cavalcade was just leaving the stable-yard as I met the stud groom. I asked him which horse was to carry me, and he said, "That chestnut with the white hind ankles and the gray hairs in her tail; we call her Silver Heels, and a sweet mare she is; the gray hairs in her tail shows she breeds back to Irish Birdcatcher — no better blood known, Captain."

I had a good look at the mare. I also noticed that the second horseman wore a dark green livery and was riding a bay horse and leading the chestnut, and that the latter had no saddle, I having given instructions that I would take my own saddle to the meet.

We were late in starting. Our host had insisted on driving us in his coach, as was his custom, and he considered it the proper thing to arrive at the meet just as hounds

were moving on to draw, and often cut it so close that they would see the pack streaming away after a fox before his party could find their horses.

On the day I speak of we arrived just as hounds were moving off. I looked about me and saw to the right under a tree a second horseman in a dark green livery, with a luncheon kit strapped around him, holding two horses, a saddled bay horse and a white-legged chestnut without a saddle. I jumped to the ground, opened the coach door, seized my saddle, and hurried to where the two waiting horses stood. I told the groom I wished to ride the chestnut, and to put the saddle and breastplate on quickly. He gave me a leg up and I cantered after the disappearing field, not waiting to see what happened to the rest of our party.

The meet had been at Folly Hall near Broughton Village, and when I found the field they were assembled, three hundred strong, looking down on Norton's Gorse



JACK STEVENS WAS BUSY DRAWING

which Jack Stevens — for it was in Lord Stamford's day — was busy drawing.

As I sat there thinking and listening to Jack Stevens' cheery "Yoicks — yoicks, Charmer — have at him, Grasper — Yuic — Yuic — Yuic!" and the occasional whimper from a hound, I could feel my mare's heart beat with excitement.

I could not help thinking of Trollope's description of a hunting field as being divided into two classes: "Those that go out to get the greatest quantity of riding and those whose object is to get the least. The former go to act, the latter to see. And it is very generally the case that the least active part of the community know the most about the sport, for they know every high-road and every bye-road."

I wondered how many of this field of three hundred sportsmen belonged to the second category, for it seemed to me that if the whole company started to ride after the hounds the fences would be mowed down and the countryside laid waste.

Suddenly I heard the "Tally — Ho — Gone — Away!" of the whip who had been sent down wind, and the "Yarry — Yarry! Away! Away!" of the huntsman intermingled with the musical cry of the hounds.

All at once the scene became one of great animation. The field scattered in all directions. Those that meant going divided into three parts — some went to the right, others to the left of the covert, and the balance down the ride through the spinney. I followed these last. The non-hard-riding part of the company, about five-sixths of the cavalcade, took to the highways that Trollope speaks of, and we did not see them again until later in the day.

When we came out into the open, hounds were streaming down a long grassy hill. There were about twenty horsemen riding to the left of them and a few to the right, and I followed the latter. The fun began in earnest, and my own heart was throbbing now. Small fences divided three great



STREAMING DOWN A LONG GRASS HILL.

pasture-fields, and they were charged ten abreast.

Leaving Hickling on their left, hounds made straight for Parson's Gorse; there they checked for a moment, then raced through the covert, along the crest of the hill, and down into and across the vale. We jumped Dalby Brook four abreast, and twice crossed the road that runs between Hickling and Hose villages, where hounds checked.

I was not sorry for this breathing spell, for the pace had been fast and I felt that my mare was not as fit as she might be, and wondered at it, for Lord Knossington's horses were always well-conditioned.

At this moment I noticed a young lady on a big bay horse who was having a good look at Silver Heels and her rider, and wondered if there was anything wrong with what at starting had been an immaculate get-up. During the rest of the gallop I noticed that where I went the lady followed, and as she was passing fair I felt rather

proud that she had chosen me for her pilot.

But on with the chase! Yerv — aat! Yerv — yaat! and a blast on the horn brought the pack back on to the line of the hunted fox.

After a few minutes of fast going we saw the Smite facing us. As I rode down to it I saw the huntsman and two others jump it. The next two horsemen did not have such luck for they floundered into the stream. I picked a sound take-off close to a cropped willow tree, and as I flew the brook I saw the little lady jumping it a little lower down. Hounds raced on toward Harby Hills.

Shortly after rising the hill the hounds entered a small plantation, and I skirted it to the left. Suddenly I saw before me an unjumpable bullfinch and in the corner of the field a five-barred gate. I looked over my shoulder and there was the little lady not fifty yards behind me. My mare was badly blown by this time and I thought



THE BIG BAY CLEARED THE GATE

that, as politeness was the better part of valor, I would open the gate for both of us. As I attempted to lift the latch, what was my astonishment to see the big bay horse clear the gate in his stride and land safely in the next field. At the same moment I heard the "Whoo — Whoop! Worry-worry!" the death-knell of the fox, and looking at my watch found we had been galloping for fifty minutes — and it seemed but five. There is no sensation known to man, nothing so exciting as such a run as I had just enjoyed, for the going had been sound, the fences clean, and the hounds had raced away, making their own running and killing their fox in the open. This was what was passing through my mind when the young lady on the big bay rode up to me and asked if I had had a pleasant ride. I replied that I had indeed. She said, "I thank you for riding my mare so well." I replied, "I beg your pardon — this mare belongs to Lord Knossington and is known as Silver Heels on account of her two white

ankles." She laughed and said, "You are mistaken, you are riding my new Birdcatcher mare Stolen Kisses. I arrived at the meet late and was told by my second horseman that a gentleman had told him to saddle the mare, that he was to ride her; and, knowing that she had recently been purchased, he thought that I wanted her to be tried before riding her myself. So I had the groom's horse saddled and told him to find his way home the best way he could." I thought the lady was mad, but Lord Knossington, who rode up at the moment, assured me that he had never seen my mount before.

I was profuse in apologies, but what could I say? Lord Knossington laughed and presented me to the young lady. We rode along together toward her home, for she had no second horse and my horses, as I found out afterwards, after waiting for me at the covert-side had been taken home. We left the horses in the stable-yard, and I went up to the house for a cup of tea, was presented to my charmer's mother, and had



HAD NEVER SEEN MY MOUNT BEFORE

to apologize all over again for being a brigand.

The young lady drove me over to Braunston Hall in her dogcart. We visited Silver Heels in her box and found that the only resemblances between her and Stolen Kisses were the pair of white ankles and the white hairs in the tail. Silver Heels was half a hand taller and up to much more weight.

A few months later Stolen Kisses was housed in my stable, for I married her sweet mistress the following spring.

For years after, whenever there was a question as to whether my wife should or should not ride a favorite hunter of mine, I was always greeted with the remark, "But you purloined Stolen Kisses," and I always had to confess that I had — and often!

THE PINK COAT WEDDING RUN

"THE PINK OF PERFECTION"

THE PINK COAT WEDDING RUN

IT was a hot night, even for India, and the punkah boys at the officers' mess of the XIII Hussars were working overtime in an attempt to cool the air.

Colonel Marjoribanks, having finished his coffee and cigar, was deep in thought at the head of the long mahogany table.

The talk in undertones had been as usual of sport. Polo, pig, and tiger, each had had its innings when finally someone exclaimed, "After all give me a day's hunting and I will forget the sports of the tropics before the first check." These words had caused exclamations of "Hear! Hear!" from both sides of the table.

The Colonel, aroused by this, joined the conversation with, "As I was saying — we have but one year more in this cursed climate before we return to Merry England

where I, for one, hope to renew my youth in the hunting field. Let me tell you about the great pink-coat wedding run:

A short time after I was married, my wife and I were invited by Lord Knossington to stop at Braunston Hall for the wedding of his daughter, the Honourable Cynthia Langham, to Captain Grantham, then the master of the Belvoir hounds.

We arrived at Braunston the night before the wedding in time for dinner and found an attractive party of brave men and fair women assembled to do honour to the bridal pair.

The dinner that night was an event never to be forgotten for, in addition to the house party, some twenty of the smart hunting set of the neighbourhood had been invited to drink to the health of the bride that was to be and to the popular master of the best pack of hounds in Great Britain.

As I said, it was a sight to remember, a collection of pretty women flanked by pink



THE CUL-DE-SAC

coated young sportsmen, all bearing the trade mark of outdoor life on their merry weather-touched faces.

After the dinner was over and the house party was left to its own devices, the ladies retired and we men adjourned to the billiard room, shed our pink coats, donned smoking jackets of silk or satin, and settled down for a serious talk and a pipe of peace before retiring for the night.

I found our host standing before the fire explaining that the picture over the mantel was Surplice, the winner of the Derby of 1848, by Touchstone out of the great mare Crucifix, and bred by Lord George Bentinck.

He said that Surplice was the sire of the dam of Prince Charlie and also of Pylades, the sire of North Lincoln, the sensational colt of 1858 and 1859. He went on to relate how ill-luck had pursued Lord George in his attempts to win the Derby; how, when he decided to retire from the turf and enter politics, Surplice had been sold with

his other horses and had been bought by Lord Clifden in whose "brown jacket and white cap" he had won the Derby.

He further told that Lord George was closeted with Disraeli when he received the message telling him that Surplice had won.

It is said that he groaned aloud and seemed heartbroken. "To think," he said, "how many years I tried to win the Derby and failed, and now my colt, out of my mare Crucifix, wins in the colours of another man." Disraeli tried to comfort him. "But you do not realize what the Derby is," said Lord George. "Yes," replied Disraeli, "it is the Blue Ribbon of the Turf." That, Lord Knossington said, was the origin of the epithet that stands to this day.

I wandered over to the corner of the room where three brother officers were in deep conversation. I say brother officers for they had all been in my regiment, the IX Lancers, although two of them had

exchanged, one to the XV Hussars, and the other to this gallant regiment, the XIII.

They were all three hard-riding men of the first fight, and at Melton with their studs for the hunting season.

One was Captain Duncan of the IX, known as "The Crasher," a fine polo player and as pretty a horseman as ever threw a leg over a horse. Beside him on the sofa sat Charlie Vane Finch of the XIII, the best mounted man in the Shires and known as "The Pink 'Un" on account of his beautiful complexion, a gentle, quiet man on a horse but always there and undefeatable either out hunting or between the flags.

Standing in front of the sofa with his hands in the pockets of his blue silk smoking jacket, stood Captain Topper, known as "Timber Topper" owing to his predilection for jumping timber. He always claimed that rails were the safest obstacle to jump as the worst was in plain view whereas a hedge often hid the impossible.

When I joined them they were each praising the qualities of the horses that they were to ride on the morrow, for after the pink coat wedding there was to be a lawn meet of the Belvoir Hounds at Braunston Hall by invitation, to celebrate the nuptials of the gallant master and our host's fair daughter.

The discussion continued as to the staying powers of the respective horses they proposed to ride the following day.

Duncan claimed that his mare Recluse by Ascetic and he by Hermit, who won the sensational Derby in a snowstorm, was bred to stay and was of the best blood for hunter purposes, while Finch said his horse Punjab by Bengal and he by Bend Or was of just as stout blood and quite as clever a jumper as the mare.

Captain Topper supplemented these remarks by the assertion that his horse Tally Ho by Harkaway was quite as well bred as either of the other horses, and insisted that he was the better animal as

he had had more experience in the Shires than the other two hunters.

I suggested that as they were so confident of the superiority of their respective mounts, they should make a match for the morrow.

After much talk and banter it was decided that they should each put up a pony and that the seventy-five pounds should go to the man whose horse finished the run in the best condition.

It was to be no pounding match for each man was to ride his own line. Only the staying qualities and the condition of the horses should decide the bet.

I was appointed judge, for they had discovered that I was to ride as my first horse my wife's mare *Stolen Kisses*, acknowledged to be the best performer stabled at Melton, and, as I rode but eleven stone at the time, they thought that barring accidents I would be at the finish of the run.

They felt certain that there would be a

run as Lady Wood harboured at the time a celebrated fox whose qualities were well known.

It was late when we adjourned to bed. The billiard room was deserted, for even the fire had gone out.

At breakfast the following morning the company was divided between the older generation in corded breeches and pink coats, the normal dress of the hunting country gentleman, and the younger division in smoking jackets with linen aprons tied around their waists to preserve their well pipe-clayed leather breeches.

The village church was but a short distance from the house. When I arrived there it was crowded and the riot of colour was astonishing—an almost solid mass of scarlet, with here and there the fuss and feathers of a dowager or the dark habit of Diana of the chase.

The masters of the Quorn and the Cottesmore were both there, as well as the huntsman and whips of the Belvoir



THE FLIGHT OF HURDLES

in new liveries — in fact almost every man in that church wore a new pink coat, and when the bridal pair left the church they passed through a line of scarlet-coated sportsmen four deep.

We then adjourned to the house to drink the bride's health and enjoy our host's good cheer.

Half an hour later when I walked out on to the terrace a sight greeted me that can only be seen in its full splendour in our native land.

In front of the house there was a wide gravel sweep, which, with the broad avenues that led to the house, was crowded with every kind of horse-drawn vehicle from a coach-and-four to a pony cart.

Beyond the gravel sweep was a broad expanse of lawn backed by a grove of beech trees. Coming across this expanse of turf was Goodall surrounded by the best pack of hounds in the world and followed by three whips and two second horsemen.

The fourteen couple of hounds were so

alike in colour and conformation that to a novice they looked absolutely alike but to me, who have passed many hours in the summer on the flags at the kennels, they were individuals, each hound having his own special characteristics. I could even at that distance call many of them by name and easily distinguish the offspring of the celebrated Gambler.

I further saw before me the pick of the hunting field of England — six hundred of the élite not only of men and women but of the best horses in the world as well.

Over against the wood was a group of second horsemen who added a touch of more sombre colour to the picture.

I had just found my horse when suddenly at some signal that was indiscernible the huntsman and whips turned and trotted off with the hounds towards Lady Wood, and behind them streamed all the horsemen and horsewomen, the carriages and the carts.

Knowing the ways of a fox, and the

country as well, I did not follow the field into the lane that led to the covert, being aware how difficult it would be to get a good start in such a crowd.

I slipped around the corner of the wood and waited, listening to Goodall's voice as the hounds drew cover. A fox was soon on foot.

It was not long before I heard Goddard the first whip's well known: "Tally-ho! Gone Away! Yarry-Yarry! Away! A-w-a-y!!" from the lower end of the wood.

When I reached the downwind side of the covert I saw the hounds streaming across the cream of the Shires, a beautiful grazing country consisting of great pastures strongly fenced with hedge and bullfinch and the gaps stopped with stout rails.

For the first fifteen minutes it was straight and very fast going, leaving little chance for those who had not secured a good start.

A score or more were with the hounds at

the first slight check near Langham Mill, where I saw Captain Topper and was reminded of the match made the night before.

The line led towards Ranksborough and the hounds, favoured with a good scent, stuck well to their fox and rattled him through the gorse.

On they sped, crossing the road that runs between Melton Mowbray and Oakham, and it was not long before I saw the Whissendine facing me.

There was much hesitation here but I pulled my mare together, and picked a good place near a pollarded willow tree. Stolen Kisses bounded over the brook like a deer, and I now had nothing before me but the hounds.

This sensation did not last long, for the hounds stopped suddenly and threw their heads up on reaching a few acres of freshly ploughed land and spread themselves out into the form of an open fan. The old hounds, which had been outpaced, took



THE SLOUGH OF DESPOND

charge and old Rally and Grasper began to puzzle out the line of the hunted fox.

I can see the wet plough with the hounds hunting, and it almost makes me feel cool, for it seems as if I could perceive the smell of the newly turned earth.

It was not long before Goodall arrived and, with a peculiar shrill whistle, lifted the hounds, trotted through an open gate, and with a "Yew-att! Yew-yatt!" from the huntsman, the hounds picked up the scent on the grass beyond and raced along a high thick hedge.

It now looked as if Leesthorpe was the objective but hounds kept straight on and it was here that I lost my place, for I jumped into the end of a narrow lane, a cul-de-sac out of which it took me some time to extricate myself.

From here on the ground was on the rise, and ahead of me going up the slope I saw Captain Duncan on Recluse. The mare was trotting and relapsed into a slow jog as I passed them.

The hounds pulled the fox down just beyond the slope overlooking Whissendine Pastures, a good five miles as the crow flies from Lady Wood.

As I turned my mare's head to the breeze I saw Captain Duncan's hunter falter and fall as she reached the top of the incline, and I went to his assistance and heard his story.

He said he had a good start and rode a line well to the right of hounds, and when they bore to the left below Whissendine village he had much ground to make up. This and the pace had so distressed his mare that she had barely lasted to the end of the run.

But Duncan won the bet as the other two sportsmen did not turn up at the finish.

I heard later that the "Pink 'Un's" hunter put his foot in a springhole when fording a bottom and left his rider in the Slough of Despond, and that "Timber Topper" had a bad fall over a flight of hurdles and was a long time on foot chasing his horse.



FALTER AND FALL

It seems there was great grief. There were empty saddles and loose horses on all sides, caused by the great pace and our host's old port, for many a man attempted to jump fences that day who had refrained from doing so for years.

The pink coat wedding run was a topic of conversation for many years.

The Colonel's story was interrupted by the clear notes of a bugle sounding taps, the notice that another day in a soldier's life had come to an end.

BACKING THE WRONG HORSE

"2 TO 1 BAR 1"

BACKING THE WRONG HORSE

IT was always a pleasure to listen to Colonel Marjoribanks for he had a keen eye for a country and a marvelous memory, and if one was fortunate enough to know the country he described it was easy to follow him. One day at tiffin he told the following tale.

I was here in India in the '90s when I received my majority and hurried back to England to join my new regiment, the IX Lancers, which was quartered at York at the time.

I arrived home at the end of October and having no horses wrote to Hames at Leicester to ask if he could mount me on the opening day of the Quorn at Kirby Gate.

The answer came back by wire: "You

will find a grey mare awaiting you at Manning's yard, Melton, on morning of hunt."

I passed the night before the opening day at Somerby with a soldier friend who had a hunting-box there for the season and drove to Melton the following morning.

On arriving at Manning's the stud groom told me that there was a grey mare in box 7 and that the groom who had brought her had disappeared.

I had little time to spare, so, going to the box designated, I found what I was looking for — a fine upstanding grey mare covered with fawn clothing marked with an H.

It did not take long to strip her and I was soon jogging towards Kirby Gate.

There was a great crowd at the meet. I do not remember seeing ever before so many people at the opening day of the season.

The Quorn Hunt was at its best at that time, for Lord Lonsdale was the master and Tom Firr the huntsman, and the whips were beautifully mounted on clean-



THE GREY MARE

bred chestnut horses, and the whole establishment was as nearly perfect as possible.

One does not expect much sport on the opening day of the Quorn owing to the great crowd, but the unexpected sometimes happens and that day provided the best run of the season.

The master gave the order to draw Adam's Gorse. Firr and his hounds had hardly entered the topside of the covert before a fox stole out of the lower end only to be headed back by the great crowd, for the countryside swarmed with people on foot. The fox luckily managed eventually to get away and escape being chopped in covert.

At the beginning scent was not very good but the hounds hunted the line slowly up to the crossing of the road to the left of Twyford. They then settled down and ran smartly for ten minutes towards Thimble Hall and, bearing to the left, crossed the brook. They streamed over the railway and turned sharp to the right. I was

one of the fortunate who had turned to the right on seeing the railroad; those who went to the left were thrown out and missed the fun.

The hunt continued on between Marefield and John O'Gaunt towards Halstead and crossed the gully near Tilton station. The hills were steep and the going heavy but luckily the pace was not very fast. I was charmed with my mount. I had never ridden a hunter before so much above my weight, and found it most useful in this difficult country. I made up my mind that if Hames could supply me with horses of this quality I would in future job horses, not buy them.

We climbed Whadboro' Hill and hounds checked beyond the cross-roads, but Firr put them right and we soon found ourselves in Launde Park Wood and were glad to have a few moments for a breather. I was surprised to find that by this time the field had dwindled from six hundred horsemen to about fifty.



THE HILLS WERE STEEP

Hounds hustled the fox about the wood and drove him out over the Hog's Back down into and across the valley beyond. Leaving Loddington to the right, we crossed the turnpike between East Norton and Belton. Here I saw a pink-coated sportsman in a dogcart waving his hat and supposed he had come to grief, was looking for his horse, and had become excited by seeing us cross the road.

With quickening pace we raced on between Vowe's Gorse and Horninghold. Here the fox seemed undecided, for he turned away from Blaston, rose the hill, and suddenly disappeared on the threshold of Nevill Holt.

A dead fox weighing fifteen pounds was found at the edge of Adam's Gorse two days later. It was supposed that it was our fox and that he had been coursed and killed by a sheepdog when on his way home after the hunt and still too stiff and sore from his exertions to escape the teeth of his enemy.

It was a glorious hunt, a twelve mile point in a little over two hours. The mare that carried me so well was done to a turn.

As I dismounted I saw a rotund pink-coated man approaching, who was red in the face with rage and was talking a steady stream of incoherent language.

With difficulty I managed to make out that he was Heinrich Hoggenheim of the Stock Exchange and that he was accusing me of not only stealing his mare but of riding her to death as well. He kept repeating: "She will die, she will die; look at her pants." I told him not to worry, that she would soon revive.

It seems that when he arrived by train from London and went to Manning's yard his mare was not to be found, and his groom was too drunk to know what had become of her. He hired a dogcart with some difficulty and drove to the meet hoping to find the mare, but arrived after hounds had moved on, so followed the hunt as best he could and first saw me on

the grey when hounds crossed the road near Belton.

I tried my best to explain matters but Mr. Hoggenheim had never heard of me or of Hames, nor was he inclined to accept my apologies although I offered him a mount on my hireling for the following day. I then proposed to buy his mare at the price he had paid for her. Praising his property seemed to please him so I told him the truth, that I had never had such a ride in my life before.

It finally was settled that I was to leave the mare with him and take the dogcart back to Melton and settle for it. This I willingly agreed to.

As I drove away the last thing I heard was:

“Mein Gott, she will die; look at her pants!”

A DAY WITH THE "WARDS"

OR

THE MAN WHO JUMPED THE BANKS ON MONTE
CARLO

A DAY WITH THE "WARDS"

IF you have never been to Ireland I advise you to go there especially if you are fond of horses and of hunting. It is the most hospitable country imaginable. The climate is mild and soft and the grass remains green throughout the winter. It is also the finest horse country in the world, for by careful selection and by breeding to thoroughbreds only, the Irish have for years produced the best hunters known.

The people are cheerful and kindly and welcome you with open arms and Irish whiskey. There one never has the feeling that strangers are not wanted, a feeling that is in the very air in England.

It is no wonder that England was adverse to Home Rule. What would she do without Ireland? Who would fight her battles for her? What would she have done in

South Africa after Modder River without the Irish, and was it not the same in the Sudan? Roberts was Irish and Kitchener was born at Ballylongford, County Kerry.

Most of the English wit comes from Ireland. What would the English of the present day do without Bernard Shaw? Who would make fun of them? If when in England you meet a man or woman who is more cheerful or brighter than your average acquaintance you will always find on asking that he or she is at least partly Irish. I have often asked the question and the answer never failed.

I have no doubt that the Irish could rule their island and run up a fine national debt, for do they not do that for us? Could Boston do without a Fitzgerald? And what would New York have been without its Kellys, Crokers, and Murphys? The reputation of their abilities and virtues is world-wide.

Not long since an Italian immigrant on his way up the Bay asked an interpreter

how long a time it would take him to become an American citizen and, when told, wanted to know how much longer it would take to become Irish? It was his highest ambition.

I visited Ireland some years ago for a few weeks' hunting in County Meath. It was in the days when Captain Trotter was Master and Goodall hunted the Meath Hounds. I never saw two harder riding men in any country.

The Meath country consists for the most part of broad pasture lands and, Ireland being a wet country, these pastures are surrounded by ditches for the purpose of drainage. The soil taken from the ditches has been piled up for many long years making great grass-grown banks between the fields. Some of these banks have a ditch on one side but many have a ditch on each side. The ditches are often very wide and many of the banks are six feet in height. Then again there are banks faced with stone, formed by the building of two walls

with earth packed in between them. Another form of fence is the narrowbank which is broad at the base and narrow on top, often so narrow that a horse can find no foothold and has to clear the top and kick back on the other side in order to get sufficient impetus to clear the far ditch. Some of the ditches are so deep that if you are so unfortunate as to fall into one you are obliged to have your horse dug out. The hunt is always followed by so-called "wreckers" on foot, ne'er-do-wells fond of horses but more fond of Irish whiskey, who are always pleased to see you in trouble and delighted to give you assistance for a consideration. It is always wise to go hunting in Ireland with money in your pocket for this reason, and also for the reason that you will find most of the gates that are not padlocked barred by spalpeens on foot with extended hands. Then again a ditch may be shallow and wide. They have a class of horse known as a "dropper." He is what we call a refuser. His method is to drop



into the ditch at the last moment, instead of jumping up on to the bank, and then run along the ditch much to the discomfort of the rider owing to the briars and roots that he will meet on his subterranean journey. My host passed three hours one day with a "dropper" trying to cure him of his bad habit. It was a fine looking horse he had bought at auction; but although he sat on his head and beat him every time he dropped into the ditch and continued this practise for three hours he never did get the horse into the next field and so had to discard him. Some of the banks have trees growing on them planted for the purpose of holding the bank together. There are many farm lanes, called "boreens" and they are often paved with stones and unfit to gallop on; and there are several brooks in the country, called "rivers," which take some doing.

You cannot break down these fences as you can a post and rails or a hedge and you often find yourself poised on the top of a

bank while your horse gathers himself for a second spring into the next field. You have to jump or go home; there are no hand gates as in England and the roads are as hard as iron.

The way to jump these Irish fences is to slow up to a trot or walk and leave it to the horse, for Irish horses think deeply. They will jump up against a big bank, scramble up and jump off from the other side, and during this operation you must not check them, for balance is safety, and for that reason nine out of ten horses in Ireland are ridden with plain snaffle bits only. It is not a country for a pulling horse.

If you fall the fall is an easy one for you are not flung to the ground from a height but "fall when you are already down." The great danger is when a horse leaves his hind legs in the far ditch, for that often means that your horse breaks his back.

We had fair sport. I found the grass delightful to gallop over with little or no ridge and furrow. The hounds hunted five

days a week and the hard riding contingent generally joined the Ward Union Stag-hounds on Wednesdays. The Stag-hounds hunt the country about Dublin, and the hunt is Dublin's most popular sporting institution. My host considered staghunting a brutal sport so that I had only one ride with the "Wards" during my visit.

The deer are fed on oats and hay and are conditioned in a large paddock surrounded by a high fence and made to gallop around the enclosure for a certain time each day. Any hound will run deer naturally and is peculiarly fond of the scent, and therefore it is only when carted deer are to be turned out and preserved from the hounds that the highly broken staghound is so necessary. These hounds are never blooded, which may account for their docility. Their teeth are filed so that the most they can do is to maul the deer. The deer can only protect himself with his hoofs as his horns are removed to save possible damage to the hounds. The deer is taken to the meet in a cart

accompanied by two "yeoman-prickers" whose duty it is to release the deer and prick him on and, when taken, to hobble him and replace him in the cart. When the deer is enlarged he is generally started off in the direction he should go by mounted men and after five or ten minutes law the hounds are laid on. It often happens that the same deer is hunted fifteen or more times in the season, and at last becomes so used to the gallop as to show little fear of the hounds. The curse of staghunting is the fact that the hunted deer will often run a road for miles if not headed into the country, and many a day's hunting is spoiled in this manner especially in Ireland; for most of the sportsmen are riding young horses that are for sale and as the jar on the macadam would not improve their legs, they pull up.

On the Wednesday in question I drove to the meet at Dunshauglin in an outside car and was met by a friend who had offered to supply me with a mount. The horse I was



to ride, named Monte Carlo, was a well-bred bay about 15.3. I looked him over and did not fancy the manner in which he was bitted. He had a lady's double bridle with small sharp bits of the kind that I dislike. I thought at once that I had my work cut out for me and that my mount was a puller. It was too late to swap horses for there were streams to cross and fences galore to jump.

The large field was in mufti, it not being in good form to dress for the Wards. When the hounds were laid on there was a mad scramble for the first fifteen minutes. I soon discovered that I had little control over my horse but that he was full of jumping. I could guide him but could no more stop him or pull him up at a fence than stop an express train. The idea of trotting or walking up to the big fences was not his idea at all. He would sail away at top speed, land on top of a bank, and jump off into the great beyond without any hesitation. The sensation was awe-inspiring, but as I

was simply a passenger I had no right to complain. I sat tight and awaited the inevitable which I expected would be a grave in one of the frightful chasms we were crossing. After galloping about twenty minutes we jumped a "river." There were three men and three horses swimming in it as I sailed over their heads. Shortly after that we dropped into a road and many of the followers pulled up as they knew what was coming. The deer ran the road, which was as hard as flint, for about ten minutes, and when it took to the fields again we were but a small company in the wake of the flying pack. We ran into a country where the enclosures were divided by narrowbanks. My mount charged them and dropped over the obstructions with the greatest ease but did not kick back at them until he was sure what was on the other side. By this time I was full of confidence and the Chinese Wall would not have frightened me. My horse jumped like clockwork; he did not

exert himself more than was necessary nor place more feet than he could help on the top of a bank. He was a wonder and I was having the ride of my life. As I jumped into a "boreen" I saw a young farmer in brown cords ahead of me although I had thought that I was at the top of the hunt. I followed the farmer down the lane. Shortly after, a countryman hailed us with the information that the hounds had gone to the right, so I turned my horse, who by this time had settled down and was amenable to advice, at a high bank and when landing in the next field saw the hounds streaming away before me with not a single horseman in sight. For the next fifteen minutes I had the hounds to myself and jumped a succession of doubles the like of which I had never seen or imagined. Great grass-covered banks with a wide ditch on each side, barriers that in cold blood seem unjumpable and are so in fact except to such a gallant horse as I was astride of. My sensations were extraordinary for I was

on a strange horse in, to me, an unknown country and was sailing away behind a pack of hounds that were taking me I knew not where.

The gallop, all told, lasted forty-five minutes at almost top speed, and at the end I found the hounds baying at the deer in a pond. The farmer in the brown cords was there before me trying to keep the hounds from worrying the deer. His route by the "boreen" had been shorter than the line of the hunted deer. He asked me to help him. I left my horse, he being by this time only too ready to stand still, and in trying to climb down a bank I slipped into the pond up to my middle.

The huntsman and the straggling field arrived shortly afterwards by the lane. Brindley the huntsman rode up to me and remarked: "That is a gallant horse you've been riding, Sir; I watched you across the last farm with wonder; we never go there." I replied that I was sorry I had been where I was not wanted. He said: "Shure it is

not that; the owner of that farm is a fine sportsman, but we calls his fences unjumpable."

I rode away very wet and cold yet full of enthusiasm. A kind friend who was nearly twice my weight lent me a dry outfit. I must have looked strange indeed on my journey home, held together by safety pins. The outer garments did very well but the under clothes were somewhat of a trial.

Although quite unsound the horse I rode was sold for a long price the following day, and I have often wondered what sort of a sensation his new owner had the first time he went hunting on the Twentieth Century Limited.

PADDY NOLAN AND THE
CONYNGHAM CUP

PADDY NOLAN AND THE CONYNGHAM CUP

I WAS stopping at Ballybeg in the County of Meath, one winter some years ago, enjoying the Irish hospitality of an old friend which consisted in a warm welcome, the best the land afforded in food and drink, and the run of the stables with my choice of what I wanted to ride. As I walked but ten stone my host was delighted to have me ride his heavy-weight hunters for, as he expressed it: "You must sit tight, my lad, or they will never know that you are there at all, at all." I remember one day the hounds met at Drumree and a big bay horse called Mr. Jorrocks was sent to the meet for me to ride. He was a safe conveyance across country, but that day the safety valve slipped, and we came to grief.

It had been a very wet season; the banks were waterlogged and the ditches choked with mud. In jumping a double, the top of the bank gave way, and Mr. Jorrocks and I turned a back somersault into the ditch on the near side. I luckily fell clear of the horse and although covered with mud from head to foot was none the worse for the fall. Not so Mr. Jorrocks, for he was tightly wedged in the ditch and could not budge beyond much struggling on the soft bottom which only made matters worse. I climbed up on the bank to look for help and was delighted to see Paddy Nolan in his pink coat and followed by his terrier running to my assistance. Nolan was a character, and my host had told me his history. Twenty years before he had been a celebrated steeplechase rider, and when he became too heavy to ride races he had whipped hounds for several seasons, but increasing avoirdupois and Irish whiskey had combined to finish his riding days, and he had become wrecker-in-chief to the

Meath Hunt — chief of the band of ne'er-do-wells who in Ireland pick up a precarious living by following the hunt on foot and performing odd jobs of service and rescue.

The whole countryside knew Paddy Nolan and Paddy knew the whole countryside. There was not a fox-earth in the country that he was not acquainted with nor a fox either. If he saw renard break covert he could tell by the wind where he was bound if not headed, and Paddy and his terrier would not be far behind the hounds when they accounted for their fox. He always wore an old last season's pink coat, a pair of cord breeches, and leather leggings and kept himself neat and smart-looking, that is, smart as wreckers go. If anyone came to grief Paddy was sure to be the first man to turn up and give a hand, and he knew every trick of the trade, and received many a ten shillings for his pains. As I said before he arrived to help me in the nick of time and grasped the situation

in a moment. He hailed two spalpeens who were passing along a boreen and sent them to the nearest farmhouse for spades and tackle, and then sat himself down on Mr. Jorrocks's head to keep him from struggling. I picked a dry spot on the top of the bank and sat down to await developments. After lighting a cigar I remarked: "I hear, Paddy, you were once a great jock." "Jock is it," said he, "shure I had a look in in ivery race and for ivery cup in Ireland for years, and I will tell ye of me third ride for the Conyngham Cup. I was jockey at the toime for young Lord Blarney, who had a loikely string of steeplechasers the best of which was Rory O'More who ran three toimes for the cup and me that rode him ivery toime. The first race he fell at the stone wall, the second year he was just beaten by The Banshee, a moighty foine brown mare she was and fast with the weight off. Rory O'More was a grand up-standin' brown horse, a foine lepper, and a good one to carry weight. The year I

would be tellin' ye of we had sivin pounds the better of The Banshee and they made Rory O'More the choice in the bettin'. His Lordship thought the race as good as won, and bet his socks on Rory O'More, but, Captain, it is odds against any horse standin' up over the Punchestown course whin the goin' is deep loike and it had been rainin' all through the meetin'. I got well off and the old horse was carryin' me foine, but at the double I was jostled loike and the first thing I knew I was flat on me back a lookin' at the blue sky. Whin I got upon me feet onest agin and looked round me I saw the brown horse a standin' near with a double twist of the reins around one fore-leg. A friend or two gave me a hand at clearing the entanglemints, one of thim gave me a leg up, and I started on a stern chase to save me stakes.

"Rory O'More was full of runnin' and flitted along over the turf like a swallow makin' up lost ground with ivery stride. He surprised me with the aisy-loike way

he was goin' and whin he lept me weight seemed as nothin' to him. I passed one after another of the tail-enders and after a bit found meself in the thick of the foight well up with the field. There were two horses ahead of me, as we jumped the fence on the top of the hill and turned towards home. It was thin the real battle began. Shure 'twas hammer and tongs and the divil take the hindermost all the way down the stretch. We never pulled a rein over the last hurdle but jumped three abreast, and I just barely nosed thim out at the finish. The verdict was Rory O'More by a short head. I was that elated at havin' at last won the cup that I did not even hear the cheers they blessed me with whin I rode back to make me weight. His Lordship met us at the gate and led the old horse into the paddock. 'It was a foine race ye rode, Paddy, says he, 'for whin ye fell at the double I thought it was all over with yez. I never thought ye had a chance to make up the lost ground,' and, says he 'from my

point of view this is a grand horse you're on!' I slipped off the horse's back and loosened the girths, his Lordship a holdin' of the horse by the head. Suddenly I was struck with consternation. 'Me Lord,' says I, 'we're dumbfounded and bate agin; be-gorrah from my point of view the old horse is a mare.' His Lordship let go of the horse's head, and stepped to wan side to get a better look at his horse. 'Bejasus, Paddy,' says he, ''tis The Banshee! What in the name of hivin have ye done?' I had won by a short head and I found too I had won by a short weight, for the scales gave me sivin pounds loight and they wanted to fine me £5 for ridin' The Banshee in the wrong colours. It seems whin I was knocked down and silly-loike at the double two horses fell over me, one of thim bein' The Banshee. John Kelly, who had the leg up on the mare, lay sub-conscious loike in the ditch takin' no interest in the proceedin's. Me old horse had recovered himself quickly and made for the woods, so

that whin I pulled myself together the sex question did not enter me moind. I mounted the only brown four-legged animal in sight and she proved a wrong 'un. Now, Captain, did ye iver know the loikes of that!" I had a good laugh and then gave the lads a hand as they began to dig out Mr. Jorrocks, who by this time was nearly suffocated by mud and water.

THE PHANTOM FOX

THE PHANTOM FOX

RIDING home from hunting one wet winter's evening I met Paddy Nolan plodding along, accompanied by his terrier, on his way to Dunshauglin where he lived in a little thatched cottage.

After he had greeted me with a "Good night to ye, Captain" I asked him what had become of the fox we had been hunting. "Shure that was the Phantom Fox," was his reply.

We had met in the morning at Dunshauglin, and after an uneventful day had drawn Poorhouse Gorse in the late afternoon. Hounds were no sooner in covert than the music of the pack gave notice that renard was at home and that sport was near at hand.

The hounds cheered on by Dale, the huntsman, soon had the fox moving, and

the "Tally ho! Away! Away!" of the first whip gave us notice that the varmint had gone away from the lower end of the Gorse.

There was a hurrying and a scurrying of the field, which was small in numbers for many had gone home early, disgusted with the lack of sport and bad weather. Now it was every man for himself, and every eye was keen to pick a good place as we charged the big grass-covered bank beyond the covert.

Hounds checked in the first field and spread out like an opened fan, old Warrior picked up the scent along the ditch on the far side of the enclosure and spoke to it, and the pack raced to him and with a crash of music sped along the edge of the ditch and out, into and across the borean beyond.

I found no difficulty in getting into the lane for I was riding Mr. Jorrocks for my second horse and he was most clever at tobogganing half way down the steep bank before dropping on to the hard, flintlike sur-

face of the roadway, but the boreen was so narrow that I had to hunt for a way out. I quickly saw that the lane made a turn a short way to the right of where we had landed, and that it was wider at the bend; there I squeezed Mr. Jorrocks up the far bank and soon found myself in the field beyond with a dozen sportsmen, who had discovered an easier way to the left, galloping after the hounds that were streaming away with Dale, the huntsman, in their wake.

The cream of the Meath country was before us. As far as one could see were great pasture fields as green as in midsummer, for the grass does not turn brown in that genial moist climate. These smiling acres were divided by banks — some with a ditch toward you, others with a ditch on the far side, and many doubles with a ditch to jump on to the bank and another ditch on the off side. These ditches were many of them wide enough to engulf horse and rider if one were unfortunate

enough to miss calculations, but as luck would have it my mount and I were on good terms that day and he did not put a foot wrong the whole journey.

There was a check in a field where there was a scampering flock of sheep. The hounds had overrun the scent, but Dale soon put them right and we raced on and I soon saw a barrier facing me which I recognized as the celebrated Gerardstown Double. My host had pointed it out to me one day as we were driving to the meet and had told me it was the most formidable fence in the country. I had asked, "Do they jump that?" His reply had been, "Not many try, and those that do generally remain a prey for the wreckers." This bank is wide enough for a coach and four to be driven along its top and has clumps of trees growing on it in places, and the two ditches are wide enough for one to sail in a boat in time of flood.

Mr. Jorrocks, being a "lepper" of renown, much above my weight, and a keen

and honest horse as well, jumped up against and on to the bank, took a stride on top, slid half way down the far side, and with a mighty thrust of his strong hind legs landed safely in the field beyond. The huntsman had jumped just ahead of me and had vanished completely out of sight. When I was on top of the bank I saw him sailing away after the hounds. I heard afterwards that there had been some grief and that one horse and rider had to be dug out of the near-side ditch, but that most of the field had jumped into the road rather than take the chances of being buried alive.

Hounds turned to the right and after a time I saw in the distance the stone wall that surrounds the Blarney Castle demesne. I knew this wall encircled the thousand-acre estate and that there was no gate on the side we were approaching, and wondered what would happen, for the wall is seven feet high. Hounds raced up to the wall, divided, and then worked back and

forth in a helpless, discouraged sort of manner.

Dale, the huntsman, slipped off his horse, loosened the girths, and remarked in a dejected way: "Gentlemen, the hunt is over, it is getting late, I will take hounds home." The whips rounded up and counted the hounds and the establishment started on its long jog to the kennels.

I was on my way home to my host's hospitable mansion and wondering where the fox had vanished to when, as I said, I met Paddy Nolan on the road and was informed that the fox we had been hunting was the Phantom Fox.

Paddy was walking beside my tired horse when I asked him: "Why Phantom Fox?" "I will tell ye, Captain" said he. "Two years ago come Christmas Day we drew the Poorhouse Gorse, found a fox that wint the very same journey ye took to-day, and disappeared in the very same manner and at the very same place. Lord Blarney was the Master at the toime and was much put

out at the way the varmint had treated him. Whin I came up and suggested that the fox had jumped the wall there was a merry twinkle in his lordship's eye, for he has a great sinse of humor, has his lordship.

"I remimber onest whin I was a jock ridin' a chase for him at Navan. Me mount was a mare called Vampire and we fell twice — onest at the wall and agin at the double. Whin I had collected me broken bones and had caught the mare we made our way to the paddock and were greeted by his lordship with, 'What detained ye, Paddy?' says he. 'Shure I was twice at the bat and twice I hit the ground with the small of me back,' says I. 'Shure it's poor cricket ye play, Paddy,' says he. Well — on the day of the hunt I would be tellin' ye of his lordship offered to bet me the price of a dhrink that no fox could jump the Blarney wall, for, says he, 'It is sivin foot three high if it is an inch.' That wall, Captain, was built by the tinints of his lordship's

grandfather at the toime of the great famine. The people of Ireland was starvin' to death and the old man loosened his purse and supplied the 'rocks' that bought food for thim as dug up the stones to build that wall. They must have been moighty hungry to build a wall loike that. Well — his lordship followed his remark by an offer of half-a-crown if I would foind the earth that harbored that hunted fox. I replied that, as the following day would be Sunday, I would get Mickey Nolan to give me a hand at the job after Mass. 'Is Mickey related to ye,' says he. 'Distantly,' says I. 'Shure, I be me mithir's first child — Mickey was the tinth.' His lordship laughed loike, for he has a sinse of humor, has he.

"Me and Mickey and the terrier hunted the whole country-side that Sunday mornin' but nary a hole big enough to house a coney could we foind, and shure Mickey has the eyes and the habits of a ferrit. Several toimes that fox has run that same line since

thin and vanished at the same spot. Dale, the huntsman, gave him his name and believes there be something queer about that fox and that he be friendly with the Banshee, a sort of flyin'-fox loike.

"One day last winter hounds met at Trim. 'Twas a poor scenting day, and about four in the afternoon the Master told the huntsman to take the hounds home. I remember hearing Dale say he was one hound short as he turned into the road. I started across country, for it's miles shorter that way home from where we finished. I was skirtin' the Blarney property whin I heard the voice of a hound huntin'. I listened and found the hound was comin' my way so I climbed a small tree to get a bird's-eye-view of the situation and saw old Warrior a huntin' back and forth along a ditch and a big red fox a sittin' on the top of the bank takin' great interest in the sport that Warrior was havin' by his lonesome.

"Whin Warrior reached the spot where

the fox had lept up on to the bank he put his head up, saw the varmint, and let out a howl of deloight as much as to say — ‘What a day we’re havin’!’ The fox jumped from the bank, cleared both ditch and hound, and came towards me with Warrior in full cry close to his brush. The fox made straight for the Blarney wall lookin’ for all the wurld loike a Bengal tiger, and with a swish or two of his white tagged brush lept as clean as ye loike bang up on top of the wall and sat down contemplating old Warrior with a twinkle in his eye and a curl to his upper lip.

“The tally-ho I gave to celebrate the foinest lep I had iver seen must have been heard for miles. It stampeded the Phantom Fox for he disappeared in the twilight and old Warrior followed me home to the kennels.

“Some foine wet day his foxship with his propellor clogged with mud will miss stays and his circus lep won’t come off.”

Before parting with Paddy at the door

of the Dewdrop Inn I parted with the price of several "dhrinks."

After giving the gallant but weary Mr. Jorrocks a pail of gruel I continued my journey homewards with gratitude to the Phantom Fox for the fine sport he had given us and with the hope that he might live many a long day, for although the killing is a satisfaction to the huntsman and fair game to the hounds, it is the hunting of the fox that gives the most pleasure to the true sportsman.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH
FOXHOUND



A SOUTHERN HOUND
By Edmund Wallis

THE EVOLUTION OF THE ENGLISH FOXHOUND

IT has taken less than a hundred years to bring the English foxhound to perfection, for not until the end of the eighteenth century were packs of hounds kept in England for hunting the fox. Fox-hunting grew out of the decay of wild stag-hunting, for, owing to the increase of enclosures, it was considered advisable to confine the deer to the parks, and foxes became the beasts of chase.

“Country Contentments,” by Gervaise Markham (1611), contains much that is interesting concerning the early days of stag-hunting. His advice concerning the music of the pack is:

If you would have your kennel for sweetness of cry, then you must compound it of some large dogs that have deep, solemn mouths and are swift

in spending [giving tongue], which must be as it were the base of the concert; then a double number of roaring and loud-ringing mouths, which must bear the counter tenor; then some hollow, plain, sweet mouths, which must bear the mean or middle part; and so with these three parts of music you shall ever make your cry perfect.

And yet there are many who believe that the taste for music has advanced!

Of all the forms of hunting in the olden time, the so-called "ladies' days" must have been attended with the most peril.¹ "Lodges," or stands, were erected, covered with boughs. The game was surrounded, and only warrantable stags were driven past the lodges, and were shot at with bows or crossbows. In 1613, when James I and his queen, Anne of Denmark, were hunting in this manner at Theobalds Park, north of London, the queen fired at a deer, but missed, and killed the king's "most principal and special hound," Jewel by name. The king "stormed exceedingly a while; but after he knew who did it, he

¹ "Hounds in Old Days," Sir Walter Gilbey, Bart.



ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY
Showing Greyhound cross



ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY
Showing Scotch Deerhound cross

was pacified, and with much kindness wished her not to trouble with it, for he would love her none the worse." The next day he sent Anne a diamond worth £2000, "a legatee from his dead dogge," in token of forgiveness. Ladies who jump on hounds in these days are rewarded more often with words of silver than with golden silence.

In olden days the fox was hunted in the same manner that it is hunted in America at the present time. The sportsmen would meet early in the morning, draw a woodland, and hunt the cold scent of the morning drag, following the fox up to his retreat. If the fox was found, he would not be in a condition to run very fast, for he had not had time to digest his nocturnal meal or to sleep off the fatigue of procuring it. In process of time the country was cleared of forest, and, more speed being required, a faster hound was sought for.

In the beginning nose and tongue were all that was needed, for the fox could not go the pace that he now must at twelve

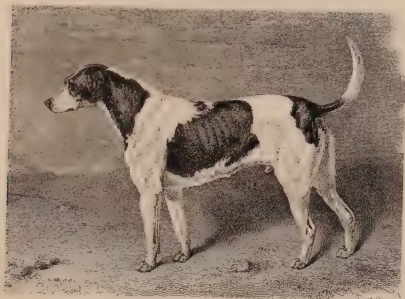
o'clock in the day from a gorse cover in a well-stopped country. It is not known by what crosses the increase in speed was obtained. The old Southern hound, or Talbot, was at first used for hunting, and he was probably crossed with the Scotch deerhound and with the greyhound. It is probable also that the Southern hound was crossed with hounds from France, for the French *vénérerie* was celebrated. The Northern hound was a decided cross of the Southern hound with the deerhound. He had a pointed nose and was quick and active.

The original hounds were wiry and rough in their coats and inclined to be throaty, and the prevailing color was badger or hare-pie.

In the days of Louis XIII and Louis XIV a large hound called the white hound was kept in the royal kennels for hunting the stag. It was known as the white hound, yet seems to have been of various colors, and it has been stated that this hound



ENGLISH FOXHOUND, EARLY XIX CENTURY



ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY
Later period

would run down a stag in thirty minutes; but he seems to have coursed rather than hunted, and ran by sight rather than by nose. They were large, strong hounds, and are said to have been very fierce when not hunting. In all probability some of these hounds found their way into the royal kennels of England, for the royalties of those days were in the habit of making one another presents of the good things of the chase.

The royal pack of white hounds continued to show sport in France until Louis XIV¹ grew old and had to follow the hunt on wheels. The white hounds were then too fast, and it is said that by the king's desire the hounds were crossed by the Normandy hound. The Normandy hound appears to have been somewhat of a potterer, for when the young and active Louis XV came to the throne, he found the royal pack too slow, and imported hounds from England with which to improve their speed.

¹ "Histoire de la Chasse en France," Baron de Noirmont.

What these latter were does not seem to be known, but probably they were a cross of the white hound and the English royal staghound, for they had retained the speed which was wanting in the French hound.

In the intermediate stage the foxhound lacked the perfect shape and quality of our time, but, through inbreeding, the packs were gradually bred finer and faster.

Some kennels in England possess stud-books going back a century and a half, while the pedigrees of greyhounds do not go back, I believe, for more than seventy-five years.

There was a time when breeders were satisfied if the result of their crossings possessed good noses and plenty of bone, which was then the standard of beauty in a hound; but later the time came when pace had to be added to the virtues of the foxhound, owing to larger fields and better-bred horses. The breeder then found it difficult to develop pace and beauty without sacrificing nose, and I fancy that many



ENGLISH FOXHOUND, XIX CENTURY
Later period



ENGLISH FOXHOUND, EARLY XX CENTURY

present-day complaints of bad scent can be accounted for by lack of nose on the part of the modern English foxhound.

The "great Meynell's" idea of perfection of shape was "open bosoms, straight legs, and compact feet." Today a hound's head may vary according to type, but should be "light and sensible"; the neck should be long and clean, fine at the head and deeper toward the shoulder, for a hound with a short neck loses pace when stooping to the scent. He should be deep in the chest, have sloping, flat shoulders, wide, straight back, and round ribs. The fore legs should be straight. He may turn his toes in, but never out. Feet must be round and catlike, hind quarters wide and deep, hocks strong and straight and close to the ground; stern carried high and slightly feathered; point straight. The usual standard of size for the dog pack is twenty-four inches, twenty-two and a half for the bitch pack, and twenty-three for the mixed pack.

The English foxhounds of the present day are beautiful animals to look at, are under perfect control, and succeed in killing a sufficient number of foxes during the season to afford sport. If they had, in addition to their present qualities, the nose that is demanded in the American foxhound, England would soon be short of foxes, and fox-hunting would cease to be the popular sport it now is.

Well-bred foxhounds have always brought high prices in England. One of the most remarkable sales took place at Hyde Park Corner in 1842, when Mr. Osbaldeston's pack was sold at auction. One hundred and twenty-seven hounds were sold for 6511 guineas, or upward of £100 a couple.



MEYNELL WAVERLY

By Belvoir Warlock — Promise

Champion hound of England (Peterborough) 1912

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THE KERRY BEAGLES

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IN the "Sportsman's Dictionary" (1778) the definition of the word beagle is:

Hunting-dogs, of which there are several sorts, viz: The southern beagle, which is something less than the deep-mouthed hound, and something thicker and shorter.

The fleet northern or cat beagle, which is smaller, and of a finer shape than the southern beagle and is a hard runner.

These two beagles by crossing the strains breed an excellent sort, which are great killers.

There is also a very small sort of beagle not bigger than a lady's lapdog, which make pretty diversion in hunting the coney [rabbit] and also small hare, if the weather be dry; but by reason of their smallness this sort is not serviceable.

A beagle was not necessarily a small hound in the early days, yet they had small beagles, for Queen Elizabeth is said to have had beagles that could be put into a lady's glove, or gauntlet, and the

pack was carried to the rendezvous in panniers on a horse's back.

There is no doubt that the finely bred black-and-tan and all-tan hounds one sees in Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee are hounds of a special breed, and in my opinion they are the direct descendants of the so-called Kerry beagle, long known in the south of Ireland. In the first half of the nineteenth century there were several packs of black-and-tan hounds kept in Ireland not far from Cork, but they were given up at the time of the great famine which impoverished the country. The hounds were scattered, and it is difficult to find any of pure breed at the present day. Three packs do exist, the most important being the Four Burrow foxhounds in Cornwall, England, and the others the Enfield Chase and the hounds hunted by Mr. John Ryan of Scarteen, both of the latter packs hunting the carted stag. The Ryans are said to have kept black-and-tan hounds from father to son since 1735.



GAMESTER
Kerry Beagle Stallion Hound



FARMER
Kerry Beagle

It is more than likely that some of this breed were brought to America before the Revolution by the gallant Irish officers in the English army, and that our black-and-tan hounds are their direct descendants, but have gradually decreased in size and bone through inbreeding and poor food. In conformation the Irish hound has peculiarities that the American hound also has; for both are slack in the hind quarters, and the bitches, as a rule, are decidedly smaller than the dog hounds.

The owner of the Four Burrow foxhounds writes of his Kerry Beagles in the *London Field* of April 19, 1913:

In 1910 I took over the mastership of the Four Burrow country. I only had some fifteen couples of suitable working black-and-tan hounds to start with, and, knowing the utter impossibility of obtaining any others, I purchased a considerable number of foxhound bitches. Meanwhile, I placed an order in Ireland with a thoroughly honest and reliable man, asking him to endeavour to find me some good black-and-tan hounds amongst the various trencher-fed packs in the wilds of Kerry.

From time to time I have received various hounds from this source, but they are most unreliable, because they vary so greatly in size and shape, the result being that I can count on one out of every five being of any use or up to my standard in make and shape. At the present moment I have twenty-two couples in kennel, and of these twenty-one couples are black-and-tan, while one couple, Mystery and Farmer, are tricolored. It must be borne in mind that the Kerry beagle is not necessarily always black-and-tan in colour. Personally, I have endeavoured to keep to the black-and-tan colour as much as possible, but "no good hound is ever a bad color." The great discrepancy in the size of the dogs and the bitches is a decided disadvantage. My great aim has been to improve the size of the bitches; in this I have been fairly successful, as I have a few really big ladies that I run with the big pack. While in Cornwall I have been running two packs, the big pack, consisting for the most part of black-and-tan dog hounds, with some six to seven couples of the largest foxhound bitches I have been able to procure. The small pack has been made up of black-and-tan bitches, two or three couples of small black-and-tan dogs and six or seven couples of ordinary-sized foxhound bitches. Experience has shown that the black-and-tans invariably lead; they are decidedly faster than any foxhounds I have had, and they are very much faster over the banks than the foxhound, as they

take the banks like a horse does, while the foxhound stops to climb up the bank and does not jump off clearly and freely into the next field like a Kerry beagle.

Whether this is owing to the conformation of the Kerry is a matter I leave to others to decide, but my personal opinion is that, owing to his shape and make, the Kerry is a much more nimble and active animal than the modern foxhound. As regards foot troubles, they are unknown amongst the Kerry beagles. When we come to the question of nose, drive, and voice, my experience is that they are superior to the foxhound. Of course, it will be argued that I have used nothing but draft foxhounds. This is quite true as regards my first season, but, having got the black-and-tans steady and properly entered to fox, I have only purchased young unentered foxhounds latterly, so as to be able to form a true opinion of their relative merits. As I have had only a comparatively small number of foxhounds, my opinion is probably of little value, but I give it for what it is worth. At first I had considerable difficulty in getting the black-and-tans to eat their fox, but now our difficulty is to take the fox away. I take it, the question of whether a pack breaks up their fox satisfactorily chiefly depends on the man who hunts them and what he teaches his hounds to do.

I have most carefully followed the various letters and articles that have appeared in the news-

papers and the *Foxhound* with regard to the American hound, and I have come to the firm opinion that the American foxhound is now and originally nothing more or less than a pure Kerry beagle. A little while ago some pictures were published of Mr. Harry Worcester Smith's pack which he has been hunting in West Meath. The photographs that accompany these notes were taken on January 25 before I had seen the publication above referred to. As I write I have not yet seen the photographs of my hounds, but I had one taken of Farmer, and if it in any way resembles him it will be at once evident that I might have obtained Farmer from America. My own stallion hound, Foreman, stands twenty-six inches, but he is a direct descendant of the old Chute Hall pack, and it is a wonderful thing to note that his progeny are developing size equal to his own, with superior bone, while out of some thirty whelps during the present season I have only had two that have shown any white.

THE AMERICAN FOXHOUND

THE AMERICAN FOXHOUND

FOXHUNTING was introduced into America and foxhounds were imported from Europe before the Revolution, and in all probability these hounds were of the original Southern hound breed already mentioned.

There were few, if any, established packs in the early days, and trencher-fed hounds were employed for hunting. Under such conditions probably the bitches were usually bred by natural selection, or, at the best, Colonel Skinner's bitch Madge, being a good trailer, was bred to Uncle Joe's dog Nick because he had a fine tongue. This was carried on for generations without any attempt to eradicate faults of conformation or, by selection, to improve the beauty of the American foxhound; nor were the hounds crossed, except by accident, with

the greyhound or the Scotch deerhound, to improve their pace as in England.

In the few cases where they were bred to a type, they became so inbred that they were greatly reduced in bone and size. Their chief merits were that they could hunt a cold trail and give tongue. The latter most of them did at all times, and, when hunting, it was necessary to be well acquainted with the voices of the reliable individual hounds in order to know when a fox was on foot. They were, and for the most part still are, very timid, afraid of the whip, and under poor control.

It is a wonder that the American foxhounds are so keen, for I have seldom seen them break up a fox, generations of floggings on the part of pelt-hunters having broken them of this trait.

Of late years more pains have been taken with the breeding of foxhounds in America, and many packs have been established where hounds are being bred to a type as well as to their capabilities; and I see a

great future for the breed, for the hounds in this country have not lost the round forehead which is necessary for nose, for, as Cuvier (1769-1832) wrote:

The flatness of the forehead is produced by the obliteration of the frontal sinuses from those cavities which are formed at the base of the nose, which, being immediately connected with the nasal cavities and covered with the same membranes as they are, increase the sense of smelling.

It is not for me, or, in fact, for any one, to discuss the merits of the English versus the American foxhound, their purpose and the conditions under which they hunt and are hunted being so different that it is not worth while to compare the two animals. It is, however, interesting to know that the same controversy went on in Ireland years ago as to the merits of the Irish and the English foxhound. In a *New Sporting Magazine* of 1837 an old Irish earth-stopper's opinion is quoted as follows:

But them big brutes that they've been spoilin' the counthry by bringin' over, they're founthered and are leg-weary from carryin' their own carcisses;

and barrin' you'd run a dhrag into the cover, divil a one of them would stir from the huntsman's tail.

They also had the same troubles with their subscription packs in those days that exist in America today, for the followers of a hunt could never agree concerning the qualities of the two breeds of hounds. The magazine already quoted contains the following letter from an Irish sportsman:

FOXHUNTING IN IRELAND

ERIN GO BRAGH

I have been a good deal surprised that none of your Irish correspondents has ever tried to prove the superiority, in an Irish country, of the old Irish foxhound over the English blood. Though we have had the question fairly tried here, I shall not attempt to enter into their relative merits. But I will state a few facts, which may elicit the opinions of more experienced sportsmen and more practised writers. About ten years ago the Union Hunt Club was got up to hunt an extensive country in the county of Cork. Two packs, one of mixed, the other of pure Irish blood, were presented by their owners (one of whom became manager) to the club, and a round sum was subscribed and paid up. The

exclusive hunting of an extensive district was obtained. The club and the cubhunting commenced with the most cheering prospects; but, although our proceedings commenced so favorably, the sport of the first year fell far short of our expectations. At the wind-up dinner the failure was admitted by all, but the opinions as to the causes which led to this result were various and widely different. The youngers, and they were the majority, held that nothing could be done except with a pack of pure English blood. The nestors of the chase talked of good old times, and stuck out for the old blood. The juniors, however, were positive, and, being the majority, of course they carried their point; and the palaver ended with a resolution to import as many hounds of English blood as possible, and get rid of the Irish curs. The governor went over to Leicestershire with full powers and a full purse. Drafts were procured at a high figure from some crack kennels; the native Irish hounds were got rid of, the covers stocked, Michaelmas Day came about again, and our hopes were higher than ever. Another winter passed, and at our St. Patrick's Day feed we had once more to debate on a chapter of accidents, crosses and losses of all kinds, blank days, foxes no sooner found than lost, no pads on the kennel door, not a single long run to talk over, a very long bill to pay, our exchequer running low and our spirits lower. This year we determined that it was all the huntsman's fault, that the Eng-

lish hounds did not understand his Irish brogue; how could they? So we dismissed him and imported a Meltonian. In the third and fourth years it was ditto repeated. In the fifth we transported our Englishman and imported a Scotchman. In short, to wind up the history of our "decline and fall" in the ten years of our existence, we tried four huntsmen, as many managers, twice as many secretaries, whips innumerable, and had not a single run worthy of reporting in a sporting journal. The subscribers dropped off, the club became bankrupt, the horses were sold, the hounds were brought to the hammer, but no one would bid for them. We then puffed them off in all the papers for six months, and at length sold them for about a tenth of the first cost. Having shown the total failure of an experiment, thus fairly tried with some of the purest English blood, manned by Englishmen, and hunted *à l'Anglaise* in every sense of the word, let us take a peep at the other side of the picture. There we shall see what has been done this present season, in the same country, by a little pack of the "ould Irish" blood kept by an "ould Irish" gentleman, who would as soon think of letting an English foxhound *into* his kennel as of allowing an English sportsman *out* of his house at seven o'clock on a hunting eve. His huntsman and whip Jack Lynch and Dinny Shuckaroo, though they never crossed the Irish Channel in their lives, can "discoorse" their hounds in as classical dog language as if they

had taken their degrees under Jack Musters himself or matriculated in the Quorn kennel.

When the much-admired, the beautiful, and dearly-bought English pack went to the "dogs" the owner of the little Irish curs got the hunting of a great part of the country in which the defunct club had long played the part of the dog in the manger. He commenced the season with a pack short as to numbers, his effective strength being only twenty-eight couple. With this small force he took the field under the further drawback — owing to his having few covers to draw — of having more frequently used them as harriers than foxhounds, though sometimes guilty of the solecism of finding his fox in a bag. However, a few thrashings made them as stanch as if they never stopped to the trail of a hare in their lives, and he has not had a single blank day as yet. I had the pleasure of hunting with him for a few days; and while I was anything but enjoying the otium entailed on me for my sins by a severe attack of influenza, I attempted the following sketch of a day's sport.

On my first appearance at the cover side with this, the merriest pack I ever rode to, the meet was at Lemlara, the residence of the county member. The draw was blank, the morning wet and cold, and not a chop to cheer us. This unpromising state of affairs sent a lot of feather-bed sportsmen from the sweet city of Cork home to their clubs. The field, which was before rather numerous than

select, was now reduced to about ten well-mounted men in scarlet that looked as if they could "ride a bit." Our next draw was Dundullerick Glens, and while the hounds were going down we got a caulker of real cherry bounce, which the rawness of the morning made most acceptable. The little ones were not long in the cover — a beautifully planted, deep, and rocky glen — when they opened on a drag in a style that left no doubt as to our finding. The cry in the glen was the finest I ever heard, and was sent back to us by a hundred echoes. But this did not last long, for our fox broke away in gallant style, like a prime one that despised dodging, heading due north, the wind at the time blowing a cold south-easter. He had scarcely a minute's law, when every hound in the pack was out of cover, all settling to their work, heads up and sterns down. As this (if you please, Mr. Editor, to print it) will meet the eyes of many who know the country well, I shall give the names, unpronounceable though they be to your English readers, of the several townlands over which the varmint led us. After leaving the demesnes of Dundullerick, he crossed the fine grass farm of Rathgubbane, to his own great disadvantage, as the "doggies" settled to their work where there could be no mistake. He then held on through Ballyroberts, Rathanigue, Ballinvullin, Ballynakilla; then across to Kippane, up through Bluebell and Lisurrilla, a long and steep hill, which tried the mettle of the nags, some of them not unknown

to fame. The fox then descended in a straight line through Ballynandagh and the old Barrymore Park to the river Bride, where two or three of our select few treated themselves to a cold bath, mistaking one of the deepest reaches on the river for a safe and easy ford which was close by. When safe across the flooded stream poor pug was nearly at home, for a quarter of a mile carried him to the rock of Castle Lyons, "an asylum where foxes for many a gination have found refuge from their rival persecuthers," to use the words of an Irish schoolmaster who ran out, followed by all his pupils, to see the finish. The said learned person at the same time informed us that one of his "Latinists" — a bit of "nate timber" to make a priest of — ran in and thus addressed him in choice Virgilian phrase: "*Domine, hic veniunt equites et odora canium vis,*" which he, the said Domine, as he told us, thus rendered into the vernacular for the benefit of the "lower class": "Boys, here come the red-coats and the hounds" — adding to his translation the pleasing note, "Take a quarther holiday!" We arrived just in time to see wily reynard take "refuge from his rival persecuthers" in one of the caverns under the rock. The pedant's phrase "rival persecuthers" was, to quote another brother of the ferule, "a most liable, congruent, and measurable application of the epithet." I never saw such racing before — from find to finish — the thing was done in a most workmanlike form. There was scarcely a check

for a second, and not a cast was made. The line taken was as straight as man and horse could go. The distance seven miles — Irish — from point to point; time, twenty-eight minutes. Now for a word about the cavalry. In so decisive an affair as this there was a fair opportunity of seeing who was the best mounted man. But it would be hard to say which of the two bore the palm. The *par nobile* were Mr. Fitzgerald on Valentine, the hero of many a well-contested steeplechase, and Mr. John Barry on Psyche, a small but prime bit of stuff. She won the third and fourth heats of the best contested steeplechase that ever came off in Fermoy, beating Red Rover, the conqueror of Barkiston and Conrad, since sold to the Marquis of Waterford for three hundred guineas. Next to these, if not in with them, should be placed Mr. Wakeham on Cigar, the winner of the Muskerry Cup. About a beld behind came Mr. Morris, of Dunkettle, on Clinker; Mr. Roche, the owner of the hounds, on Champion, a two-hundred-guinea article; and the huntsman on a Whiteboy mare. Dinny, the whip, dived into a bog hole about the fourth mile, and never took his place again until all was over. The innate modesty of an Irishman prevents my placing myself; suffice it to say that I do not quote the knight of the birch at second hand. Mr. H. Barry and three or four others formed the rearguard, and arrived just as we had finished a fierce attack on a venison pasty and sundry other good things at Mr.

Fitzgerald's, in Castle Lyons, and as we were about "to fight our foxhunt over again." They told us the usual pitiful tales of broken stirrup leathers, lost shoes, etc., which were received, as such stories always are, with a horse laugh.



TOM FURR ON WHITELEGS

For twenty-seven years huntsman of the Quorn

A Good Huntsman

A good huntsman is a man who though keen and bold is patient with horse and hound; who has hands of silk and nerves of steel, who has the perseverance of a hound and the cunning of a fox. He is an expert horseman, one whose eye for a country prompts him to ride the shortest yet easiest line and who is always with hounds for the purpose of hunting with them not for them, yet who never gives up the hunted fox while there is a chance to account for him.

FOXHOUNDS
AND THEIR HANDLING IN THE FIELD

BY
LORD HENRY BENTINCK
(1804-1870)

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
VISCOUNT CHAPLIN

INTRODUCTION

By VISCOUNT CHAPLIN

THE history of the little treatise, by the late Lord Henry Bentinck, on handling a pack of hounds out hunting is not without its interest, and it has authority, I may add, of the highest order.

It is the copy of a letter written to me by the late Lord Henry Bentinck himself, one day not very long after I had bought his pack of hounds, from Loch Ericht, his small shooting lodge in the famous deer forest of Ardverickay, only six miles from Dalwhinnie station, on the Highland line. It was written on a day when there was such a tremendous blizzard that even he, who was never known to miss a day in any week in the course of the stalking season, was unable to go out.

So he occupied himself by writing to me,

in a letter, the contents of the little pamphlet in question, and its republication, which has been the subject of our correspondence. To this I replied by saying that I thought it ought to be published, and I asked his leave to do it. But this he would not give me, saying he could write something much better than that, and would do so, some day.

But I had it printed for private circulation, and I gave a copy to several of the older Masters, and among others one to Mr. George Lane Fox, of Bramham Moor celebrity, who the day after Lord Henry's death sent a copy to *Baily's Magazine*, who published it.

And here a word about my own relations with the late Lord Henry may not be out of place.

He was the fourth son of the fourth Duke of Portland, who died in 1854, being succeeded by his second son, the Marquis of Titchfield (the eldest son having died in 1821); the third being Lord George Ben-

tinck, who in his earlier days was the Napoleon of the Turf; and the fourth, Lord Henry, who in the hunting world was very much what his brother George had been upon the turf.¹ And these three brothers it was, or rather the forces they were able to command, which enabled them to establish Mr. Disraeli as Leader of the Conservative Party, and finally to defeat, and oust, Sir Robert Peel from power, after their homeric conflicts in connection with the Repeal of the Corn Laws.

For reasons I need not enter into now Lord Henry shortly afterwards abandoned politics altogether, and his favourite pursuits were, for the remainder of his life, hunting in the winter, deer-stalking in the autumn, and playing whist in the summer, in which he was *facile princeps*—in fact, in those days he was said to be the finest player in Europe.

My acquaintance with him was on this

¹ See *Life of Disraeli*, by Buckle, Vol. III., pp. 110-218 129, 133.

wise: I knew him, and well, from the time I was a boy. He had been Master of the Burton Country in Lincolnshire for many years — nearly thirty, I think — one of the three counties in England which were hunted six days a week at that time, and where his chief supporter was my uncle, Mr. Charles Chaplin, who gave him a subscription of 1200*l.* a year, and whose tenants on an estate of between twenty and thirty thousand acres used to walk for him a very large number of puppies, than which nothing is more important for the successful breeding of a first-class pack of hounds. And I succeeded him within no long period after I became of age, my uncle having died while I was still at Christ Church, in the University of Oxford, when I continued the old subscription. It was shortly after that, however, that Lord Henry expressed his wish to give up the country, whereupon I bought his hounds for 3500*l.* and took the Burton Country myself, of which he had been the Master for so many years.

Lord Henry was a man of quite exceptional ability, as I had every reason to believe — not only from what I knew myself, but, some years afterwards, from no less an authority than that of Mr. Disraeli, and in the way I shall describe directly. And, from all the experience I have had since then, I have very little doubt that his was probably the best brain ever given to the breeding of hounds, and hunting; and he was also, I think, upon the whole, one of the best horsemen, and with the finest hands upon a horse that was difficult to ride I ever knew, with the possible exception of Lord Lonsdale.

I may add that it was from Lord Henry I learned everything I ever knew about horses, hounds, deer-stalking and deer-forests, and sport of all kinds, and a great deal about politics, too. And it was by him practically, before he abandoned politics, as is shown in one of Mr. Buckle's most admirable volumes of the *Life of Disraeli*—it was by him and his exertions, freely admitted

by Mr. Disraeli himself, that he was successfully run into the leadership of the Party after Lord George Bentinck's death.¹

Lord Henry Bentinck died at Tathwell, on the last day of 1870, in one of my houses in Lincolnshire, which I had lent him with ten thousand acres of shooting, and there he used to practise rifle-shooting in the summer, with pea-rifles, at both rabbits and hares, which were rather plentiful on some parts of the estate at that time, in preparation for the stalking season in the autumn, where he seldom missed a stag with a different weapon, killing, on an average, about a hundred every year himself.

And, when Parliament met, early in February afterwards, if I remember rightly, and I was shown into Mr. Disraeli's room, at his Party Dinner, to which he was kind enough to invite me when the Queen's Speech was read, he accosted me as follows:

¹ See *Life of Disraeli*, by Buckle, who showed himself in that work as another great English historian. Vol. III., pp. 116, 128-132, 133, 135.

“Ah!” he said, “you and I have both lost a great friend since we parted.”

“Yes, sir,” I replied; “I know that Lord Henry and yourself were great friends at one time, and he has often talked to me about you.”

“Yes,” he said; “and I always wished it could have remained so.” And then, after a pause, he added: “I have always said that, take him all round, I think upon the whole that Henry Bentinck was probably the ablest man I ever knew.” And very soon afterwards dinner was announced, and we went into the dining-room.

I make no comments on Lord Henry’s description of *Goodall’s Practice*, in the handling of his hounds, excepting this: I agree with everything he says, but it is necessary to remember this—the Burton Country, where his chief experience lay, was a country of comparatively small and manageable fields of horsemen; very different from those you see in the Quorn, the Cottesmore, the Pytchley, and the chief

fashionable grass countries, and sometimes the Belvoir, on the grass side of that country. But the principles which are inculcated, nevertheless, hold good; and, once a pack of hounds have learned to know, and believe in, their huntsman, they are never happy away from him, and there is nothing they won't do, and no effort they won't make, to get back to him. Tom Firr was a notable instance of this in the Quorn; but then he had the best Master in England (Lord Lonsdale) to help him, and no one could handle a big field better than he could, that I've ever seen; and the way in which he controlled a field of possibly five or six hundred horsemen on a Quorn Friday was a triumph of organization I have never seen surpassed.

For instance, when drawing one of their crack coverts in that country, the field was kept away some distance from it, often nearly a whole field, until the fox had gone away, and the huntsman had got hold of his hounds sufficiently to get a start with him;

and then, when the field got the order to go, my word! There was a charge of cavalry with a vengeance, to get up to them.

Lord Annaly did the same thing in the Pytchley and had the same complete control of his field; and in this way with the combination of Lonsdale and Firr in the Quorn, and Annaly and Freeman in after years in the Pytchley, there could not have been a happier arrangement for successful sport out hunting, if there was any scent at all.

They were two first-rate huntsmen also. The rarest and most difficult thing in the world to find in my experience is a really good huntsman.

And here I can't omit some reference to Tom Smith, who was originally my second whipper-in — who was afterwards huntsman to the Bramham Moor hounds, and became so celebrated for many years in that country; and though it never was my fortune to see him hunting hounds myself, I know it must have been so — from so many sources, all of which came from men who were absolutely reliable.

He comes, too, of a famous family of huntsmen of that name, three generations of whom, I think I am right in saying, had been huntsmen to the Brocklesby hounds—one of the oldest and best packs of hounds in the country at that time.

I have often said it was easier to find a good Prime Minister than a real good huntsman, and Heaven knows that either is difficult enough; and I incline to think it is more so than ever now for Ministers to-day, whose difficulties are far greater than they ever were before my time. How many have there been since Lord Palmerston, the first that I remember?

Curiously enough, the only two men prominent in public life that I knew personally and at all well, when I became a member of the House of Commons in 1868, were Lord Palmerston and the old Lord Derby; but they were both of them members of the Jockey Club, and in that way I got to know them well.

To go back to *Goodall's Practice* from

which I'm afraid I have rather strayed—I think that the good work done by *Baily's Magazine* for so many years should not be thrown away, and that this admirable little treatise called *Goodall's Practice* should be preserved in the interest of Fox-hunting for the use of this and future generations.

The language is so simple, and so much of it is ordinary common-sense, that any one can understand it.

It would be invaluable for Hunt servants, both huntsmen and their whippers-in who serve under them *in particular*—many of whom are seldom taught enough by their superiors or masters. I think it is a better education in their case which is needed more than anything, and I will conclude with an instance of what I mean.

I was rather late one morning in arriving at a gorse covert in the Belvoir Country; Coston covert, I think it was, into which the hounds had just been put to draw. I had come from Barley Thorpe, and I saw at once it wasn't the huntsman who was in the

covert with the hounds, and I was told it was the first whip, Freeman, who had never hunted them before, the huntsman being disabled by a fall the previous day. I knew him quite well, so I went into the covert to see if I could help him.

"So you are handling the hounds, I understand," I said, "for the first time to-day?"

"Ah, yes, Squire," he said, "and I can do nothing with them," he replied.

"Well," I said, "I've been at it all my life, and perhaps I could tell you one or two things which might be useful."

"I should be most grateful if you would," he said.

He had been blowing his horn whenever the fox crossed a ride, with the same note that ought only to be used when he has gone away, or he has caught him.

So I replied, "Put your horn into its case to begin with, and don't blow it again like you have been doing, or till your fox has gone away, or till you want to draw your hounds out of covert, which you should do

with one or two long-drawn notes; or till you have caught your fox and got him lying dead before you. Then you may blow the note you've been using as long as you like. That is one thing.

"The next thing is this: when you've gone away with a fox, and come to a check, don't go to help your hounds till they ask you, and the way you will know they are asking you is this, and these hounds (who at that time were constantly interfered with) will ask you immediately because they are accustomed to it.

"You will see them standing with their heads up, wagging their tails, and doing nothing to feel for the scent or to help themselves. When you see that, go straight into the middle of the pack, turn your horse, say 'cop-cop,' or anything you like, trot off, and they will go with you like a flock of sheep.

"Trot gently up to wherever you think your fox is most likely to have gone, and if you are lucky enough to hit off his line,

they will go all the easier with you the next time.

"Now," I said, "that is enough for to-day, and I shall stay out to see how you get on."

I stayed out till quite late in the evening. It was in the Spring. He was fortunate enough to hit off his fox the first time, and before the evening the hounds had taken to him completely, and he could do anything he liked with them.

He was so nice and modest-minded a fellow that he came half a mile out of his way to meet me on his way home, and when we met he said, "I couldn't go home, Squire, without thanking you for what you told me this morning. The ambition of my life is to be a huntsman. I am most anxious to learn, and you are the first person, gentleman or huntsman, who has ever told me a single thing."

"Well," I said, "you seem very appreciative, and whenever you find yourself in a difficulty either as whipper-in or huntsman,

if you will write and tell me what it is, I will tell you anything I can to help you."

That is the difficulty, I fear, with too many of the younger ones in that profession, and nothing could help them more than what they would learn from Lord Henry Bentinck's plain and simple letter to me on *Goodall's Practice*. I sent a copy of it to Freeman very shortly afterwards, and we corresponded frequently, and do still; and no one that I know has a better reputation as a huntsman to-day, or shows more sport than he does.

CHAPLIN

April, 1922

THE LATE LORD HENRY BENTINCK

WILLIAM GOODALL'S METHOD WITH HOUNDS

1. — IN handling his Hounds in the open, with a Fox before him, he *never* had them rated or driven to him by his whips; *never* hallooed them from a *distance*. When he wanted them he invariably went himself to *fetch them*, anxiously watching the moment that the Hounds had done trying for themselves, and felt the want of him. He then galloped straight up to their heads, caught hold of them, and cast them into a body a hundred yards *in his front*, every Hound busy before him with his nose snuffing the ground, his hackles up, his stern curled over his back, each Hound relying on himself and believing in each other. When cast *in this way*, the Huntsman learns the exact

value of each Hound, while the young Hounds learn what old Hounds too believe in and fly to, and when the scent is taken up no Hound is disappointed. When the Huntsman trails his Hounds behind him, four-fifths of his *best Hounds* will be *staring at his horse's tail, doing nothing*.

The Hounds came to have such confidence in Goodall, that with a *burning scent*, he would cast them in this way at a *hand gallop*, all the Hounds in his front making every inch of ground good; while with a poor scent he would do it in a walk, regulating his pace by the quality of the scent; the worse the scent, the more time the Hounds want to puzzle it out.

On this system the Hounds are got to the required spot in the very *shortest time*, with every Hound busily at work, and with his nose tied to the ground.

On the opposite *vulgar* plan, the Huntsman, galloping off to his Fox, hallooing his Hounds from a distance, his noise drives the Hounds in the first instance to *flash wildly*

in the opposite direction; four or five minutes are lost before the whip can come up and get to their heads; then they are flogged up to their Huntsman, the Hounds driving along with their heads up, their eyes staring at their Huntsman's horse's tail, looking to their Huntsman for help, disgusted, and not relying upon themselves, especially the best and most sagacious Hounds. A few minutes more are lost before the best Hounds will put their noses down and begin to feel for the scent, a second check becomes fatal, and the Fox is irretrievably lost. Often enough, in being whipped up to their Huntsman in this way, when crossing the line of the Fox with their heads up, they first catch his wind, and then, as a matter of course, they must take the scent heelways, the Fox, as a rule, running down the wind. This fatal piece of bungling, so injurious to Hounds — is always entirely owing to the Huntsman; it is neither the fault of the whips or the Hounds; it never can occur when the Huntsman moves his Hounds in

his front with their noses down. In these two different systems lies the distinction between *being quick* and a *bad hurry*.

2. — When the Fox was gone, in place of galloping off after his Fox without his Hounds, blowing them away *down the wind* from such a distance that half the Hounds would not hear him, and he would only get a few leading Hounds still further separated from the body, Goodall would take a sharp hold of his horse's head, quick as lightening turn back in the opposite direction, get *up wind* of the *body* of his Hounds, and *blowing them away* from the tail, *bring up the two ends together*, giving every Hound a *fair chance* to be away with the body.

It is impossible to over-estimate the mischief done to a pack of Hounds by *unfairly* and *habitually* leaving a Hound behind out of its place: it is *teaching them to be rogues*. For this purpose, Goodall had one particular note of his horn *never* used at any other time except when his Fox *was gone*, or his Fox was in *his hand*: the Hounds, learning

the note, would leave a Fox in covert to *fly* to it. Hounds are very sagacious animals; they cannot bear being left behind, nor do they like struggling through thick covert; but if that note is ever used *at any other time* the charm is gone; the Hounds will not believe in it; you cannot *lie* to them with *impunity*. This was Goodall's great secret for getting his Hounds away all in a *lump* on the *back* of his *Fox*, and hustling him before he had time to empty himself. This was his system for getting his Hounds through *large woodlands*: to come tumbling out together without splitting, and sticking to their run Fox. This is the explanation of the famous old Meynell saying, "In the *second field* they gathered themselves together, in the third they commenced a *terrible burst*."

3. — Goodall's chief aim was to get the hearts of his Hounds. He considered Hounds should be treated like women: that they would not bear to be *bullied*, to be *deceived*, or *neglected* with impunity. For

this end, he would not meddle with them in their casts until they had done trying for themselves, and *felt the want of him*; he paid them the compliment of going to *fetch them*; he never deceived or neglected them; he was continually cheering and making much of his Hounds; if he was compelled to disappoint them by roughly stopping them off a suckling vixen or dying Fox at dark, you would see him, as soon as he had got them stopped, jump off his horse, get into the middle of his pack, and spend ten minutes in making friends with them again. The result was that the Hounds were never happy without him, and when lost would drive up through any crowd of horsemen to get to him again, and it was very rare for a single Hound to be left out.

It is impossible to over-rate the *mischief* done to a pack of Hounds by leaving them out; it teaches them every sort of *vice*, upsets their condition, besides *now* exposing them to be destroyed on the railway line. There is no more certain test of the capacity

of a Huntsman than the manner in which his Hounds *fly* to him and *work* for him with a *will*.

Goodall, Old Musters, and Foljambe were undoubtedly the three Master-minds of our day. Their general system of handling Hounds was much the same, though each had his *peculiar excellence*, and each has often said that if they lived to be a hundred they would *learn something every year*. All three agreed in this, that it was ruinous to a pack of Hounds to meddle with them before they had done trying for themselves. The reasoning upon this most *material point* is *very simple*. If the Hounds are habitually checked, and meddled with in their natural casts, they will learn to stand still at every difficulty, and wait for their Huntsman; every *greasy wheat-field* will bring them to a *dead stop*, and however hard the Huntsman may ride on their back, two or three minutes must be lost before he can help them out of their difficulty, whilst in woods he cannot ever know what they are

about. (For *once* the Huntsman can help them, *nineteen* times the Hounds must help themselves.) It was Old Musters' remark that for the first *ten minutes* the Hounds knew a good deal more than he did, but after they tried all they knew then he could form an opinion where the Fox was gone, but not before.

Mr. Foljambe attached the *greatest importance* to getting his Hounds away together. Before his Hounds were a field away from a wood you might hear him *sing out*, "Want a Hound," and his horn would be going at their tails until he *got him*, and when *got*, he would drop back and not care to go near them until they had been five or ten minutes at a check. But if a single Hound was wanting when a Fox was killed, however great the run, he would harp upon it for a month.

Goodall combined, with his other excellencies in the field, condition and kennel management quite the best. Mr. Foljambe was by far the best breeder of Hounds, and

had the keenest eye for a Hound's work—nothing escaped him. Mr. Musters was the best hand at fairly hunting a Fox to death, and could make a *middling lot* work like *first-rate* Hounds.

Old Dick Burton was Lord Henry's first huntsman in the Burton Country, and showed great sport for many years. He was the best hand at breaking a pack of Hounds from hares, and teaching them to *draw*, upon which so much depends. He always drew his woods *up the wind*, throwing his Hounds in fifty or sixty yards from the wood, and allowing them to *spread*, so that every Hound should be busy, with his head down, looking for his Fox; and had them in his front, making *noise enough* to cheer them and enable them to know where he was; and in *cub-hunting* made the Hounds find *their cub* for themselves, and would not have him hallooed at *first* across the ride. (Nothing is truer than the old saying, "A Fox *nicely found* is half killed.") He would trot through the *hollow covert*

with his Hounds behind him, and an occasional blow of his horn, to wake up any *chance* Fox, and get Hounds in the thick covert, where they could not use their eyes, as quick as possible, and then give them as much time as they liked. Nothing is worse than hurrying Hounds through strong covert, or forcing them to draw over again a covert when they are satisfied that there is not a Fox in it. The blackthorn and gorse coverts he would always *draw down the wind*, keeping carefully behind his Hounds: by so doing, first, the Hounds have their heads down, and never *chop* a Fox — they do not see him. The Fox hears them, and the wildest Fox is off at once, and the cubs learn to steal away after the Hounds are gone. Second, it enabled him to get the body and tail Hounds out of the covert without hunting the line of the Fox through the strong gorse; brought the *two ends* together all away on the *back* of the *old Fox* — the true secret of getting a *sharp burst*.

No man could turn out a highly-mettled pack of Hounds, and so *young a lot* steady from hares as old Dick Burton. In the year 1859, when the Hatton country was as full as Blankney with riot, we found in Hatton Wood, at a quarter before twelve, and in the month of *February*, ran from Fox to Fox until half-past three, when all the second horses being beat and a fog rising up, I rode amongst the Hounds, coming away from *Hatton Wood* the last time to see what I had got. To my astonishment, I found my pack consisted of 11 *couples of puppies* and $5\frac{1}{2}$ of old Hounds!! We had had an old dog kicked, and old "Darling" leading them, then five years old, and showing himself for the *first time*.

Old Dick's principle was to break his puppies by themselves, showing them all the riot he could in the summer, and drilling them severely, but never allowing a whip to FLOG THEM after they had escaped to his heels, or to flog them when coming out of a wood and cutting them off. After being

well drilled, he would then take them amongst the cubs and smash up a litter of cubs, blooding them up to their eyes to make them forget their punishment, and to care for nothing but a Fox. Hounds being unsteady for hares, when FOXES ARE PLENTIFUL, is entirely the FAULT OF THE HANDLING. The highest praise that can be given to a Huntsman is for a fool to say: "We had a great run, and killed our Fox; as for the Huntsman, he might have BEEN IN BED." A Huntsman's FIRST BOAST should be that all his Hounds required was to be taken to the covert-side and taken home again. His greatest disgrace is, first, to have his Hounds squandered all over the country, and to leave them out; second, to be unable to get them out of a wood; third, not to know to a *yard* where he lost his Fox — if properly managed, the Hounds will always *tell it to him*.

